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ARMINIAN MAGAZINE.



MR WILLI<sup>M</sup> JENKINS

Aged 29.

*Preacher of the Gospel.*

T H E  
Arminian Magazine,

For the Y E A R 1794.

CONSISTING CHIEFLY OF

E X T R A C T S

A N D

ORIGINAL TREATISES

O N

Univerfal Redemption.

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V O L U M E XVII.

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L O N D O N:

Printed by G. PARAMORE, North-Green, Worship-Street :  
Sold by G. WHITFIELD, at the Chapel, City-Road, and at all the  
Methodist Preaching-Houses in Town and Country.

be repaired by a disposition directly contrary to that which prevails: but as this government is indefatigable in its endeavours at remedying every present evil, and preventing such as may naturally be expected, it is to be hoped that the generous and wise dispositions lately made, will restore the energy that is wanting; and without which one of the richest provinces in Europe is in danger of utter ruin. Silk and essence of bergamot, oranges and lemons, are the great articles of trade at Reggio. I am assured, that no less than 100,000 quarts of this essence are annually exported. The fruit, after the rind is taken off, is given to the cows and oxen; and the inhabitants of this town assure me that the beef, at that season, has a strong and disagreeable flavour of bergamot. The worthy archbishop gave me an account of the earthquakes here in 1770 and 1780, which obliged the inhabitants (in number 16,400) to encamp or remain in barracks several months, without, however, having done any considerable damage to the town. I was assured here, (where they have had such a long experience of earthquakes) that all animals and birds are in a greater or less degree much more sensible of an approaching shock of an earthquake than any human being; but that geese, above all, seem to be the soonest and most alarmed at the approach of a shock; if in the water, they quit it immediately, and there are no means of driving them into the water for some time after.

[To be concluded in the next.]

#### The Stations of the PREACHERS, and Numbers in Society, in the United States of AMERICA.

Superintendants. Thomas Coke, Francis Asbury.

Elders. Ira Ellis, Thomas Bower, Freeborn Garrettson, Isaac Lowe, Ruben Ellis, Richard Ivey, Bartholomew Mc Henry, Francis Poythress, A. G. Thompson, Philip Bruce, Nelson Reed, Joseph Everitt, John McCasky, Robert Cloud, John Merrick, Jacob Bruth, Jesse Lee.

##### VIRGINIA.

	Whites.	Blacks.
<i>Amherst</i> , John Jones, Daniel Hall	345	123
<i>Orange</i> , Wm. Mofs, J. Rogers, Sam. Steward	550	58
<i>Hanover</i> , Stephen Rollet, N. Sebrell	520	138
<i>Gloucester</i> , John Ellis, Laur. Mansfield	638	74
<i>Williamburg</i> , Pemberton Smith, Chr. Moring	490	234
<i>Ponemsky</i> , James Meacham, John Hutt	112	37
<i>Franklin</i> , B. Riggins, J. Wynn, H. Saunders	567	68
<i>Cumberland</i> ,		

	Whites.	Blacks.
<i>Cumberland</i> , Wm. Spencer, H. Crank	384	37
<i>Bedford</i> ,	499	43
<i>Mecklenburgh</i> , Rice Haggard, Jacob Peck	479	52
<i>Anelia</i> , Stephen Davies, John Buxton	645	139
<i>Brunswick</i> , J. Baldwin, Benj. Barnes	677	233
<i>Greenville</i> , William Mackendree, J. Tucker	735	219
<i>Suffex</i> , Josiah Atkew, D. Stringer	565	168
<i>Surry</i> , Daniel Southall, T. Easter	831	800
<i>Bertie</i> , Henry Merrit, J. Dawly	598	163
<i>Portsmouth</i> , Jessy Nicholson, B. Blanton	787	557
<i>Camden</i> , Archer Davis, J. Hunter	539	278
<i>Banks</i> , Benjamin Wilton	174	4

##### NORTH CAROLINA.

<i>Road Oak</i> , William Moody, A. Henly	394	459
<i>Pamlico</i> , Daniel Shines, Edward Hardy	346	55
<i>Quotienty</i> , Morris How, Abalom Kinley	497	405
<i>Seperlong</i> , John Abair	167	10
<i>Montaskeat</i> , Frederick Roper	164	47
<i>Trent</i> , Samuel Cowles, Peter Gautier	719	620
<i>Coshen</i> , Rufus Wiley, William Ormond		
<i>Bladen</i> , Joshua Cannon, Samuel Edney	403	64
<i>Yadkin</i> , George Mc Kenny, Joseph Moore	439	14
<i>Lincoln</i> , John Mc Gee, F. Killingworth	453	39
<i>Anson</i> , James Parks	241	40
<i>Salisbury</i> , Aquilla Suggs, Simon Carlisle	555	31
<i>New Hope</i> , I. Fore, H. Hill, J. Jackson	678	145
<i>Tar River</i> , J. Pace, E. Humphrey	627	117
<i>Caswell</i> , Jonathan Bird, John Sprout	517	75
<i>Guldford</i> , J. Molley, En. George, W. Bellamy	613	57

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<i>Great Pee Dee</i> , James Folliton	260	54
<i>Sahtee</i> , Isaac Smith, J. Wood	300	150
<i>Catauba</i> , John Crawford	229	22
<i>Cherokee</i> , J. Richardson, William Tallwood, J. Jenkins	453	11
<i>Bay River</i> , Tobias Gibson	70	12
<i>Broad River</i> , Arthur Lipley, Coleman Carlisle	500	86
<i>Union</i> ,	236	24
<i>Selenda</i> , William Lilly, Sam. Annelly, Joseph Randell	266	6
<i>George Town</i> , William Mc Dowall	49	100
XVII. April, 1794.		<i>Washington</i> ,

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## 202 The Stations of the Preachers, &amp;c.

	Whites.	Blacks.
Washington, Jonathan Jackson, Hez. Arnold	332	91
Richmond, Bar. Mc Henry, Henry Leadbeater	590	85

## GEORGIA.

Burke, Benjamin Carter, George Clark	450	
North Savannah, John Bonner	106	
Oconee, John Clark, James Holly	220	21
Elbert, John Halliday	186	25

## HOLSTEIN.

New River, David Haggard, Daniel Lockett	278	17
Holstein, Salathiel Weeks, James Ward	214	13
Green, Stephen Brooks, William Burke	268	8
Ruffel, Jeremiah Norman	115	2

## KENTUCKY.

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John Page	562	41
Danville, Willon Lee, Richard Bud	597	44
Limestone, John Ray	149	7
Salt River, Henry Birchett, Isaac Hamner	381	27

## MARYLAND.

Cumberland, John Ball, Jon. Stephenson	370	57
Calvert, Richard Parrot	700	1200
Annapolis, R. Bonfall	170	243
Severn, John Rowen, Nathaniel Greaves	900	450
Baltimore, James O. Cromwell, S. Browning	950	200
Prince George, J. Chalmer, Aquila Garrettton	40	
Montgomery, Joshua Wells, Thomas Bell	650	354
Frederick, Thomas Scott, Thomas Lyall	500	100
Bath, Rezin Simpson, W. R. Nichols	320	41
Huntingdon, John Simmonds	215	
Northumberland, J. Campbell, Wm. Calvert	250	
Little York, Sam. Rudder, Charles Cook	200	5
Hartford,	630	181
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Queen Ann, Chr. Spay, William Bishop	532	416

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Long Island, J. Riggau, James Boyd	266	23
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Cambridge, John Crawford, T. Woolsey	315	
Saratoga, Mathew Swain	182	
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Litchfield, Philip Wager, James Coleman	428	1
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Middleton, Richard Swain, Aaron Hunt	124	
Hartford, Hope Hull, George Roberts, F.		
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Lynn, Jesse Lee, Menzis Rayner	118	
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Boslon,

	Whites.	Blacks.
<i>Boston</i> , Jer. Cofden	—	15
<i>Needham</i> , John Allen	—	34
<i>Providence</i> , Lemuel Smith	—	—
Total number of Whites and Blacks	66,	191

## ON EDUCATION.

From Dr. BEATTIE'S Elements of Moral Science.  
Vol. II.

THE present plan of education, as it is commonly conducted, seems to proceed on a supposition, that piety and virtue are not indispensable parts of duty; for that the figure a man makes, and the gratifications he obtains, in this world, are of more value to him than eternal happiness in the world to come. Accordingly, some pains are taken to cultivate his understanding, to adorn his outside, and to fit him for the common arts of life; but the improvement of his heart, and the regulation of his passions and principles, are, comparatively speaking, but little minded. Children are too often treated rather as playthings than as immortal beings, who have a difficult part to act here, and a strict account to render hereafter. A man, indeed, is not a moral agent till he attain the use of reason. But before he can compare things together so as to draw inferences, he may contract habits of obliquity or obedience, fretfulness or contentment, good or ill nature, and even of right or wrong opinion: which shall adhere to him through life, and produce important consequences. Therefore let no one think that moral discipline in the beginning of life is of little moment; it can hardly begin too early.

Not few are the methods taken, even by parents who mean well, which would seem to teach children vice rather than virtue, and to create and cherish evil passions, instead of preventing them. They are taught to threaten, and even beat those by whom they think themselves injured, or to beat other persons or things in their stead; and thus learn to be peevish and revengeful; and thus too their notions of merit and demerit are confounded; for how is it possible for them to learn any thing good from seeing a stranger threatened, a dog punished, or a footstool beaten, for a fault committed by themselves, or by the nurse!—Their good behaviour is sometimes rewarded so absurdly, as to hurt their health, and teach them gluttony or sensuality at the same time. They are frequently

taught to consider strangers, especially those who are old and ill-dressed, as frightful beings, by whom they are in danger of being taken away: and thus they learn cowardice, dislike to strangers, disrespect to old age, and an abhorrence of poverty and misfortune, as if these rendered a man the object, not of pity, but of detestation.

They are from time to time entertained with stories of ghosts and other terrible things, which, they are told, appear in the dark; and hence receive impressions of terror which they find it difficult to get the better of, even when they come to be men. They are flattered on account of their finery, and so become fond of a gaudy outside; a passion which, if they do not subdue it, will go near to make them ridiculous. When they begin to speak, they are encouraged to speak a great deal; and thus learn petulance, and want of respect to their superiors.—They are sometimes threatened with dreadful punishments, and in the most boisterous language; and by this example of ferocity and passion are taught to be fierce and passionate. At other times they are, without sufficient reason, extravagantly caressed, which, while it enervates their minds, conveys a notion that their parents act capriciously, and that they may do so too.—Their slightest foibles and greatest faults are often blamed with equal severity; and the most trifling accomplishment more warmly commended than a generous sentiment, or virtuous action. You may have heard them blamed more bitterly for making an awkward bow, than for telling a lie; and praised more for their dancing, than for alacrity in obeying their parents. Does not this absurd conduct tend to poison their principles, deprave their judgment, and even pervert their conscience?

What can excuse the parent, or teacher, who chastises a child for a natural weakness of memory, or slowness of apprehension? Would it not be equally reasonable to punish him because Providence has given him a puny frame of body, or sickly constitution? And what notions of rectitude is a child likely to form, from seeing cruelty where there ought to be lenity, and from being punished because he cannot do what is above his strength? Many more instances might be given of parents and teachers, who really mean no harm, inuring children to vicious habits, and teaching them to form licentious opinions, in matters which the world in general considers as of little moment. But very trivial matters call forth the passions of a child; and whatever does so is of serious importance, because it must give rise to virtuous or to criminal practice, and tend to form habits either good or evil.

Let children be taught, as far as their capacity will admit, to form right opinions; to consider clothes, for example, as intended



and the enemy takes care to fill the hand with unexpected business, so that the excuse grows stronger, and more plausible: But must we serve the slave, and neglect the Lord of Glory? O what hazards do we run, not only by preferring other things and business before God, but by neglecting the first hour of the day, when we are not sure of a second? For what is our life but a vapour, which may disappear in a moment!

~~~~~  
Mr. FLETCHER'S Pastoral Letters.

To Mr. WILLIAM WASE.

Dear Brother,

Newington, Feb. 18, 1777.

MY dear friend Mr. Ireland brought me, last week, Sir John Elliot, who is esteemed the greatest physician in London, in consumptive cases. He gave hopes of my recovery upon using proper diet and means. I was bled yesterday for the third time; and my old doctor thinks, by gentle evacuations and spring herbs, to mend my juices. Be that as it may, I calmly leave all to God; and use the means without trusting in them. I am perfectly taken care of by my kind friends, whom I recommend to your prayers, as well as myself.

With respect to my soul, I calmly wait, in unshaken resolution, for the full salvation of my God; ready to trust him, and to venture on his faithful love, and on the sure mercies of David, either at *midnight, noon-day, or cock-crow*: for my times are in his hand, and his time is best, and is my time. Death has lost its sting; and, I thank God, I know not what hurry of spirit is, or unbelieving fears, under my most terrifying symptoms. Glory be to God in Christ, for this unspeakable mercy! Help me to praise him for it.

You talk of my "last trials." I can hardly guess what you mean, unless Mr. — should have mistaken tears of holy shame before God, and of humble love to my opponents, for great trials; but they only indicated such a trial, as I pray God to make me live and die in. — I mean a deep sense of my unworthiness, and of what I have so often prayed for, in these words, —

"I would be by myself abhor'd,  
"All glory be to Christ my Lord."

I thank you, however, for the comfort you administer to me upon, I suppose, Mr. —'s mistake.

With

With respect to my intended room, I beg Mr. Palmer, Mr. Lloyd, and yourself to consult about it, and that Mr. Palmer would contrail for the whole. For my own part, I shall contribute 100*l.* including 10*l.* I have had for it from Mr. Ireland and 10*l.* from Mr. Thornton. Give my kindest love to all friends and neighbours. I would mention all their dear names, but am strictly forbidden a longer epistle. Farewell in Jesus.

Yours,

J. F.

P. S. If the room cannot be completed for what I have mentioned, and 20*l.* more be wanting, ask Mr. Lloyd how much the royalty might come to, and tell him I would appropriate it to the building.

To Mr. MICHAEL ONIONS.

My dear Brother,

Bath, July 8, 1777.

I heartily thank you for your kind letter; and by you, I desire to give my best thanks to the dear companions in tribulation whom you meet, and who so kindly remember so worthless and unprofitable a minister as me. May the God of all grace and love, our common Father, and our all, bless you all, and all our brethren, with all blessings spiritual; and with such temporal favours, as will best serve the end of your growth in grace.

My desire is, if I should be spared to minister to you again, to do it with more humility, zeal, diligence, and love; and to make more of you all than I have done. But as matters are, you must take the will for the deed. Let us all praise God for what is past, and trust him for what is to come. The Lord enable you to cleave together to Christ, and in him, to abide in one mind, striving together for the hope of the gospel, the fulness of the Spirit, and that kingdom of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, of which we have so often discoursed together, but into which we have not pressed with sufficient ardour and violence. God give us the humble, violent faith, which inherits the promise of the Father, that we may triumph in Christ, and adorn his gospel in life and death.

I hope to see you before the Summer is ended, if it please God to spare me and give me strength for the journey. I am in some respects better than when I came here, and was enabled to bury a corpse last Sunday, to oblige the minister of the parish; but, whether it was that little exertion of voice, or something else, bad symptoms have returned since. Be that as it may, all is well; for he that does all things well, rules and over-rules all. I have stood the heats we have had these two days, better than I expected. I desire you will help me to bless the Author of all good, for this, and every other blessing of this life; but above all for the lively hopes

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of

of the next, and for Christ our common hope, peace, joy, wisdom, righteousness, salvation, and all. In him I meet, love, and embrace you. God bless you all, and crown you with loving-kindness and tender mercy all the day long! I live, if you stand. Don't let me want the reviving cordial of hearing, that you stand together firm in the faith, broken in humility, and rejoicing in the loving hope of the glory of God. Look much at Jesus. Bless God much for the gift of his only begotten Son. Be much in private prayer. Forake not the assembling yourselves together in little companies, as well as in public. Walk in the sight of death and eternity; and ever pray for your affectionate, but unworthy minister,

J. F.

To Mr. Thomas York and Daniel Edmunds.

My dear Friends,

Bristol, Nov. 1777.

I Have received Mr. York's kind letter, and am encouraged, by the spirit of love and kindness which it breathes, as well as by your former offer of helping me off with my burdens, to beg you would settle some temporal affairs for me.

The debt of gratitude I owe to a dying sister, who once took a very long journey to see me, when I was ill in Germany, and whom I just stopped from coming, last winter, to Newington to nurse me; the unanimous advice of the physicians, whom I have consulted, and the opportunity of travelling with serious friends, have at last determined me to remove to a warmer climate. As it is doubtful, very doubtful, whether I shall be able to stand the journey; and, if I do, whether I shall be able to come back to England; and, if I come back, whether I shall be able to serve my church, it is right to make what provision I can, to have it properly served while I live, and to secure some spiritual assistance to my serious parishioners when I shall be no more. I have attempted to build a house in Madeley Wood, about the centre of the parish, where I should be glad the children might be taught to read and write in the day, and the grown-up people might hear the word of God in the evening, when they can get an evangelist to preach it to them; and where the serious people might assemble for social worship when they have no teacher.

This has involved me in some difficulties about discharging the expence of that building, and paying for the ground it stands upon; especially as my ill health has put me on the additional expence of an assistant. If I had strength, I would serve my church alone, board as cheap as I could, and save what I could from the produce of the Living to clear the debt, and leave that little token of my love, free from encumbrances

cumbrances to my parishioners. But as Providence orders things otherwise, I have another object, which is to secure a faithful minister to serve the church while I live. Providence has sent me Mr. Greaves, who loves the people, and is loved by them. I should be glad to make him comfortable; and as all the care of the flock, by my illness, devolves upon him, I would not hesitate for a moment to let him have all the profit of the living, if it were not for the debt contracted about the room. My difficulty lies, then, between what I owe to my fellow labourer, and what I owe to my parishioners, whom I should be sorry to have burdened with a debt contracted for the room.

My agreement with Mr. Greaves was to allow him 40 guineas a year, out of which I was to deduct 12 for his board; but as I cannot board him while I go abroad, I design to allow him, during my absence 50l. a year, together with the use of my house, furniture, garden, and my horse, if he chuses to keep one; reserving the use of a room, and stall in the stable, to entertain the preachers who help us in their round; not doubting but that the serious people will gladly find them and their horses proper necessaries. But I know so little what my income may come to, that I am not sure whether it will yield Mr. Greaves 50l. after paying all the expences of the living. Now, I beg that you will consult together and see, whether the vicar's income, i. e. tithes, &c. &c. will discharge all the expences of the living, and leave a residue sufficient to pay a stipend of 50l. I except the royalty, which I have appropriated to the expence of the room. If it be, well; if there be any surplus, let it be applied to the room; if there be any thing short, then Mr. Greaves may have the whole, and take his chance in that respect, as it will be only taking the vicar's chance; for I doubt, if sometimes, after necessary charges defrayed, the vicars have had a clear 50l.

I beg you will let me know how the balance of my account stands, that, some way or other, I may order it to be paid immediately, for if the balance is against me, I could not leave England comfortably without having settled the payment. A letter will settle this business, as well as if twenty friends were at the trouble of taking a journey; and talking is far worse for me than reading or writing. I do not say this to put a slight upon my dear friends. I should rejoice to see them, if it was to answer any other end, than that of putting on a plaister, to tear it off as soon as it sticks.

Ten thousand pardons of my dear friends, for troubling them with this scrawl about worldly matters. May God help us all, so to settle our eternal concerns, that when we shall be called to go to our long home and heavenly country, we may

may be ready, and have our acquittance along with us. I am quite tired with writing, nevertheless, I cannot lay by my pen, without desiring my best Christian love to all my dear companions in tribulation and neighbours in Shropshire. I heartily thank Daniel both as church-warden and as receiver and house-steward, and I beg Mr. York again to pay him a proper salary. I am in the best bonds, your affectionate neighbour, friend, and minister,  
J. F.

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THE NEGRO-TRADE. A Fragment.

A Sea-faring man made his appearance. He was surrounded by multitudes of persons, who persecuted him with interrogatories. This person was the captain of a ship in the Negro-trade. From the conversation which passed between the Captain and those who surrounded him, I discovered, that the cruelties incidental to the Slave-trade, were not confined to the unhappy Negroes; but affected also the instruments who carried it on. The Captain before me had gone out mate: the crew had been thirty, of whom only three returned.

He had a long scroll in his hand. It was a list of the original crew. "Where is my daddy?" asked an infant. *Dead.* "My husband?" inquired a matron. *Dead.* "My brother?" interrogated a girl. *Dead.* In this manner he ran through the list. One had died of a fever. Another had been murdered on shore. Several had been killed by slaves who had mutinied.

When the friends of the deceased had retired, the captain gave his employers an account of his voyage. Three ships had gone out together. They had each taken in their quantity of slaves, when a hard gale drove two of them on shore. One was boarded by the Negroes, and the crew massacred. On board the other, a similar attempt was made by the Negroes in the hold. But the Whites having got command of the small arms, fired into the hold, and made dreadful slaughter. Thus circumstanced, one of the Negroes, who had discovered where the powder lay, rushed into the room, set fire to a powder-barrel, and blew the vessel to pieces.

The captain ran over these occurrences of horror with a stoical calmness: but it was not so with his employers: they frequently interrupted his detail with imprecations against the damned Blacks.

And why is this cruelty practised? That we may have Sugar to sweeten tea, which debilitates us: Rum to make punch, to intoxicate us: And Indigo, to dye our clothes. In short, myriads are made wretched: nations are dragged into slavery; to supply the luxuries of their fellow-creatures!

Continuation

Continuation of DR. COKE'S JOURNAL through the  
WEST INDIA ISLANDS.

[From Page 549, Vol. XVI.]

ON the 22d of March, 1793, I set sail, in the Duke of Cumberland Packet, from the Island of Barbadoes for Kingston in Jamaica. A French Count, an English Officer, and myself, were the Passengers. The Count was a very pleasing man, and, like his countrymen in general, all life and spirit, even in the midst of misfortunes. He informed us that he had been a Member of the Assembly of the States General in France, and consequently of the King obliged him to fly to England; and his estates in France, which were considerable, were confiscated. He had two estates in St. Domingo, and was going to Jamaica in hopes of procuring some information concerning them. But he was dreadfully frightened when he came within sight of Hispaniola, and could neither eat, drink nor sleep, for fear of being taken by a French frigate or privateer. At our first meal on board, he turned round to me, and with all the pathos of the Frenchman, cried out, "Sir, they have murdered my King!" Then he addressed the company and said, "I beg your pardon that I have been born a Frenchman!"

When we were near the Island of St. Vincent's, which lay in our way to Jamaica, the English Officer desired to be set on shore, in order to see a friend, to which the master of the packet, John Long, immediately consented; I earnestly intreated the same favour, but the surly man refused, although the boat was along side our vessel, and I was deprived of the opportunity of taking another farewell of my friends in the Island.

On the 29th, we arrived at Kingston, with the news of war. Our Society in this town is small, in proportion to the size of the place. It hardly exceeds 200: many of them, however, are much devoted to God. We have also some Local Preachers here, both among the Whites and Blacks, who promise to be useful. Mr. Forzbrook, a Merchant's Clerk, (whose mother was a member of our Society in Castle-Dunington, Leicestershire,) is well qualified to be a Traveling Preacher. I hope, the impediments which his present situation throws in his way, will soon be removed. Mr. Guirey, also, a young man from America, is, I believe, a tolerable Exhorter: his Father had been a respectable Merchant in Philadelphia, but met with misfortunes in life, which the greatest integrity, and most genuine piety, could not prevent. O how difficult is it, and yet how comfortable, to believe that

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"all things work together for our good;" Mr. Guirey, the Father, did thus believe; and though reduced from affluence to a low estate, continued to trust fully in the Lord.

Young Mr. Guirey arrived lately from Cape Francois, the Capital of the French part of the Island of Hispaniola. Soon after he landed at Cape Francois, he was informed, that, being an American, he might safely visit the Negro-Army. He accordingly went; and, being surrounded by a body of troops, was brought before the General. The General was a Sambo, i. e. the offspring of a Mulatto and a Black, with whom he dined. Several of the General Officers dined with him: and when one of them, whose face appeared perfectly black, accidentally opened his breast, Mr. Guirey just observed that the skin was white: so that his face must have been painted. The description which Mr. Guirey gave of the state of the Country was dreadful indeed. The whole seemed to be utterly laid waste. When the Cane-grounds were set on fire, many of the Planters were seized by the Negro Soldiers, and thrown into the fire, and burnt alive. Indeed, the destruction of property, and loss of lives, is hardly to be described.

And is it to be wondered at? For Mr. Guirey informed me, that the inhabitants of Cape Francois were arrived at such a height of wickedness, that Fornication was frequently practised in the corners of the streets, and in the open day, without the least infamy attending it. Agreeable to this account, was that of a Counsellor in the Island of Tortola, who had received his education at Brazen-Nose College in Oxford, and had taken the Degree of Doctor of Civil Law in that University. This Gentleman had resided for a few years at Cape Francois, and informed me, that Father and Daughter were frequently known to live together in an incestuous manner; and yet not the least cognizance was taken of it by the ruling powers. Is it surprizing that God should so signally judge such a people as this?

On Monday, April 1, I set off with Mr. Fish and Mr. Guirey, for Montigo-Bay, in order to improve the opening, which I was favoured with about two years ago. After riding in the heat of the sun for a whole day, we came to a place called Old Harbour. When we entered the inn, I perceived that I had never been there before. On enquiry, I found that we had got to the very opposite side of the Island to what we intended; that we had travelled leeward, instead of windward. However, from the Landlady's account, and from a map of the Island, it appeared, that we had lost nothing; it being impossible to go through the Island in a direct line, on account of the steep and lofty Mountains; and we only took one side of it instead of the

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other. And that if we crossed one high Mountain called May-Hill, we should have no more to travel one way than the other. The next morning Mr. Fish complained of a violent head-ach: and, as he had some time ago a febrile fever, I begged of him to return, lest he should suffer a relapse.

After travelling a few miles we came between the high mountains, and began to enjoy the romantic prospects, with which Jamaica abounds. On our journey, Mr. Guirey gave me the following account of a persecution which happened about twelve months before, at Salem, in the state of New Jersey.

"A mob were, several times, very riotous in our Chapel: but on application to the magistrates, we obtained effectual relief; which has been universally and invariably the case in the states of America. The rioters not being able to disturb us, took another method of injuring the cause of Christ. They assembled in a place of their own, and *acted* Love-feasts, Band-meetings, Class-meetings, &c. to the great entertainment of their profane auditors. One night, when they were performing a public Band-meeting, a young woman stood up on a bench to profess her experience: and after speaking several things which commanded the mirth of the assembly, she cried out, (at the same time beating her breast,) "*Glory be to God, I have found peace, and am sanctified, and am now fit to die.*" As soon as she had uttered these words, she dropt down *dead* upon the spot, to the inexplicable terror of the whole company, which immediately broke up, and they stole away in the greatest consternation, except a few who remained with the corpse. The persecution immediately ceased; and not a tongue moved afterwards against the Gospel, or its Friends."

After travelling through a champaign Country, our views, near sun-set, were extraordinary romantic. The hanging rocks and trees formed a most grotesque and awful appearance. All the rocks were white, and so perforated, that they seemed like immense heaps of white mould. About sun-set we arrived at a solitary inn in the midst of the mountains, after riding thirty miles in the heat of the day; and made our dinner and supper at one meal. The place was called the *Green-Ponds*. Next morning before sun-rise, we began to ascend May-hill, a vast, steep mountain, and about eleven o'clock, gained the summit, which contained a few square miles of ground. Here we found a tavern, at which we breakfasted: and on inquiring the name of the Parish (Elizabeth Parish) I recollected that the little handful of Mora-

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vian Brethren who reside in this Island, could not be far distant from me. My Landlord confirmed my ideas, and informed me that we could easily reach the house of Mr. Angel, one of the Brethren, by night. I then remembered that Mr. Angel was Brother-in-law of Mr. Joseph Bradford, one of our Travelling Preachers. When we arrived at Mr. Angel's, it was just dark; but he was from home, and the chief person in his storehouse informed us, that five miles further was the settlement of the Brethren, where we should meet with a hospitable reception. As Mr. Angel's house was a large one, I felt it unkind to be sent five miles through the dews of the night, which very few of the Planters through that whole Archipelago would, I believe, have done. I therefore hired a guide, who brought us to the place. Mr. Lister and Mr. Bowen the Ministers, together with their wives, received us with the utmost courtesy; and here, indeed, we found ourselves at home. O how comfortable is it, in a country where so little even of the form of religion exists, to meet with pious persons, of congenial spirits with ourselves! The kindness and attention of this simple-hearted family, made ample amends for our dark and dewy ride. With them we could sweetly speak and sing of the Love of Jesus; and our Lord was truly present, both in conversation, and in prayer. After an early breakfast, these loving people conveyed us one stage in their one horse chair, whilst the guide they had provided, brought our horses. May our common Lord and Saviour reward them!

When we arrived at the end of our stage, we found that we should be obliged to cross a great number of Cattle-pens and plantations, and should meet with no more inns till we reached Montego-Bay. We accordingly set off across the Country, and arrived about noon on a Plantation, of which Mr. Leard, a Scotchman, is the Manager. This Gentleman received us with the greatest civility and politeness; but we had not been here long, before the rains poured down like torrents, and we were thankful to Divine Providence, and the Master of the House, for this comfortable asylum. Next morning I was favoured with the company of Mr. Leard, and two or three of the principal men of the Island, for fifteen miles. One of the Gentlemen, who had an elegant saddle-horse as well as a phaeton, perceived that I was a little fatigued with the heat, and insisted on my riding in his phaeton most part of the way, whilst he rode on horseback. The Gentlemen at parting, advised us, by all means to flap as soon as possible, and to rest for the remainder of the day, lest too violent exercise might bring on an inflammation of the blood; and gave me leave to use their names

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at the pens and plantations. The first at which we called, the Gentleman was not at home; and we were refused admittance. This was the first instance of the kind I ever met with; yet, probably, the Master of the House, would have received us cheerfully: for there are no men I have ever been acquainted with, more generous and hospitable to strangers, than the West-India Planters. We then retired to some distance from the house, and sat down on the grass to rest ourselves, whilst our horses were cropping the herbage around us. From thence we went to a plantation called the *Seven Rivers*; Mr. Price, the Manager, whom I found to be my Countryman, gave us a hearty welcome. Being now refreshed, we proceeded on our journey, and came to a plantation called Montpelier, where we abode for the night.

Next morning, April the 5th, we set off at day-break, and breakfasted in Montego-Bay. Immediately after I called upon my old acquaintance Mr. Brown, the Proprietor of the Assembly-room, who again generously gave me the free use of it. The next business was to send a Messenger round the town from house to house, to give notice of my Preaching in the evening, in consequence of which I had a very considerable congregation. After I had enforced on the audience the great truths of Christianity, a company of rakes, with a printer, whose name was T. at their head, kept up a loud clapping of hands for a considerable time! I then withdrew into Mr. Brown's Dwelling-house; but my companion Mr. Guirey lost me, and going out of the room into the street, was instantly surrounded by the rakes, who shouted, and swore they would first begin with the servant; on which an officer of the army drew his sword, and stretching it forth, declared he would run it through the body of any one who dared to touch the young man; on which they all slunk back, and withdrew.

Next morning I went to Church, and in the afternoon preached to a small, but deeply attentive congregation in the Assembly-room, from 1 John v. 12. "He that hath the Son, hath life;" and all was peace.

Having no engagement to dine, I went to the ordinary, where a gentleman took me aside into another room. After many apologies, and expressing his great regard for me, he intimated that he was an admirer of the Writings of Baron Swedenburgh. He likewise informed me, that a plot was laid, and intended to be put in execution against me, at the Assembly-room in the evening, and that powder was to be used. He therefore advised me to give up all thoughts of preaching. I thanked him for his well-meant advice, and

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tender feelings on my account; but observed, that I was in the way of duty, and if my great Master was pleased to take me to himself that evening by the violence of wicked men, or in any other way, I was perfectly satisfied; well knowing that it was easy for him to raise a far better instrument than I was, for his gracious purposes; and that, thro' the divine assistance, I should endeavour to preach at the time appointed. The evening came, and a crowded congregation attended. At the beginning of the service Mr. T. began to be noisy, on which one of the Magistrates of the town who was present, stepped up to him, and spoke such strong and authoritative words, that Mr. T. and his crew thought proper to be silent from that time.

Mr. Mountague and several other Gentlemen shewed me much respect, during my short residence in this town. Several of the Negroes were awakened by my public Ministry, and by calling upon them in their houses; and I might have formed a Class of earnest seeking souls. I know, through the Grace of God, I was an instrument of good. O how wonderfully gracious is he, how infinitely condescending, in stooping to use so unworthy an instrument for his own great Glory, and the salvation of souls!

[To be concluded in our next.]

#### THE UNFEELING FATHER.

"DOES nature refuse to plead for me," (said his daughter kneeling before him) "or does she plead in vain?" "You broke the sacred bonds of nature," said the old man, when you left a father's fond protection, and a mother's tender care, to pursue the fortune of the only man on earth, whom they detested." "A heavenly Father," exclaimed "the daughter, forgives the sins of his children: and shall an earthly parent deny the charitable boon a repentant child demands of him?" "To that heavenly Father, then, replied he, "I recommend you; my doors are no longer open to receive you; I have made a vow which shall never be broken. Let the friends of your husband protect his darling: you are mine no more." "But these children, Sir: Alas! what have they done? Leave me to the cruel fate which awaits me; but suffer not them to perish."

"They are none of mine," said the stern parent; "I will never press them in my arms: they shall never sit upon my knees. I will suffer no more ingratitude. Let him, who begot them, take the spade and mattock, and get them bread. No office is beneath the affection of a parent, when children have not been ungrateful; I am your's no more."

This

This was the fatal dialogue between the father and the daughter in the porch of his house; for she was admitted no further. He shut the door against her; and retired to his chamber. The wind blew, and the rain beat hard, and she dared not encounter the tempest: she remained in the porch, pressed her shivering babes to her bosom, and hoped that the morning's dawn would bring mercy along with it. But, when the morning dawned, she was no more! The servants found her a clay-cold corpse, and the two children weeping beside it.

When the father was called to see the spectacle, he sunk down on the floor; life, indeed, returned; but peace abandoned him for ever. He loves the children; but says, Heaven in all his stores of mercies, has not one for him.

#### POETRY.

##### A HYMN FOR EVENING.

THE beam-repelling mists arise,  
And evening spreads obscurer skies;  
The twilight will the night forerun,  
And night itself be soon begun.  
Upon thy knees devoutly bow,  
And pray the Lord of Glory, now,  
To fill thy breast; or deadly sin  
May cause a darker night within.  
And whether pleasing vapours rise,  
Which gently dim the closing eyes,  
And make the weary members blest,  
With sweet refreshment in their rest;  
Or whether spirits in the brain,  
Dispel their soft embrace again,  
And on my watchful bed I stay,  
Forsook by sleep, and waiting day;  
Be God for ever in my view  
And never he forsake me too;  
But still, as day concludes in night  
To break again with new born light,  
His wondrous bounty let me find  
With still a more enlighten'd mind,  
When grace and love in one agree,  
Grace from God, and love from me;  
Grace that will from heaven inspire;  
Love that seals it in desire;  
Grace and love that mingle beams,  
And fill me with increasing flames.

Thou that hast thy palace far  
Above the moon and every star;

Thou

as to convey just apprehensions of them, the more they have a tendency to move the affections the better.

g. If true religion lies much in the affections, what cause have we to be ashamed, that we are no more affected with the great things of religion?

God has given to us affections, for the same purpose which he has given all our faculties, viz. that they might be subservient to religion: and yet how common is it among mankind, that their affections are much more exercised in other matters, than in the things belonging to their everlasting peace. How insensible are most men, about another world! How dull are their affections! How cold their love, languid their desires, still small their gratitude! How can they sit and hear of the infinite height and depth, length and breadth of the love of God in Christ Jesus, and yet be cold, heavy, and insensible! Where are the exercises of our affections proper, if not here? What is it that does not require them? Can any thing be seen in our view greater and more important?

If we ought ever to exercise our affections at all, they ought to be exercised about those objects which are most worthy of them. But is there any thing, which men can find in heaven or earth, so worthy to be the objects of their admiration and love, their earnest and longing desires, their hope and their rejoicing, and their fervent zeal, as those things that are held forth to us in the gospel of Jesus Christ? God has so disposed things, in his glorious dispensations, revealed to us in the gospel, as though every thing was contrived to have the greatest possible tendency, to reach our hearts in the most tender part, and move our affections most sensibly. How great cause therefore have we to be humbled to the dust, that we are no more affected!

Mr. FLETCHER'S Pastoral Letters.

To the Rev. Mr. GREAVES.

My dear Fellow-labourer, Nyon, Sept. 15th, 1780.

I had fixed the time of my departure for this month; but now two hindrances stand in my way. When I came to collect the parts of my manuscript, I found the most considerable part wanting; and, after a thousand searches, I was obliged to write it over again. This accident obliged me to put off my journey; and now the change of weather has brought back some symptoms of my disorder. I speak, or rather, whisper with difficulty; but I hope the quantity of grapes I begin to eat will have as good an effect upon me, as in the last two autumns. Have patience then a little while,

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If things are not as you could wish, you can do, but as I have done for many years—*learn patience by the things which you suffer*. Crossing our will, getting the better of our own inclinations, and growing in experience, are no mean advantages; and they may all be yours. Mr. Ireland writes me word, that if I return to England now, the winter will undo all I have been doing, for my health for many years. However, I have not quite laid by the design of spending the winter with you; but don't expect me till you see me. I am, nevertheless, firmly purposed, that if I do not set out this autumn, I shall do so next spring, as early as I can.

Till I had this relapse, I was able, thank God, to exhort in a private room three times a week: but the Lord Lieutenant will not allow me to get into a pulpit, though they permit the school-masters, who are laymen, to put on a band and read the church prayers: so high runs the prejudice. The clergy, however, tell me, that if I will renounce my ordination, and get presbyterian orders among them, they will allow me to preach: and, on these terms, one of the ministers of this town offers me his curacy. A young Clergyman of Geneva, tutor to my nephew, appears to me a truly converted man; and he is so pleased when I tell him, there are converted souls in England, that he will go over with me to learn English, and converse with the British Christians. He wrote last summer with such force to some of the clergy, who were stirring up the fire of persecution, that he made them ashamed, and we have since had peace from that quarter.

There is little genuine piety in these parts; nevertheless, there is yet some of the form of it: so far, as to go to the Lord's table regularly four times a year. There meet the adulterers, the drunkards, the swearers, the infidels, and even the materialists. They have no idea of the double damnation that awaits hypocrites. They look upon partaking that sacrament, as a ceremony enjoined by the magistracy. At Zurich, the first town of this country, they have lately beheaded a clergyman, who wanted to betray his country to the Emperor, to whom it chiefly belonged. It is the town of the great reformer Zuinglius; yet there they poisoned the sacramental wine a few years ago. Tell it not in Gath! I mention this to shew you there is occasion and great need to bear a testimony against the faults of the clergy here; and if I cannot do it from the pulpit, I must try to do it from the press. Their canons, which were composed by 290 pastors, at the time of the reformation, are so spiritual and apostolical, that I design to translate them into English, if I am spared. Farewell, my dear brother. Take care, good, constant

care of the flock committed to your charge; especially, the sick and the young. Salute all our dear parishioners. Let me still have a part in your prayers publick and private; and rejoice in the Lord, as, through grace, I am enabled to do in all my little tribulations. I am your affectionate friend and fellow-labourer,  
J. F.

To the Societies in and about Madeley.

Nyon, Sept. 15th, 1785.

GRACE and peace, truth and love be multiplied unto you all. Stand fast in the Lord my dear brethren. Stand fast to Jesus; stand fast to one another; stand fast to the vow we have so often renewed together upon our knees and at the Lord's table. Resolve to save yourselves altogether. Don't be so unloving, so cowardly, as to let one of your little company fall into the hands of the world and the Devil; and agree to crucify the body of sin altogether.

I am still in a strait between the work, which Providence cuts out for me here, and the love which draws me to you. When I shall have the pleasure of seeing you, let it not be embittered by the sorrow of finding any of you half-hearted and lukewarm. Let me find you all strong in the Lord, and increased in humble love. Salute from me all that followed with us fifteen years ago. Care still for your old brethren. Let there be no Cain among you, no Esau, no Lot's wife. Let the love of David and Jonathan, heightened by that of Martha, Mary, Lazarus, and our Lord, shine in all your thoughts, your tempers, your words, your looks, and your actions. If you love one another, your little meetings will be a renewed feast; and the God of love, who is peculiarly present where two or three are gathered together, in the name of Jesus, and in the spirit of love, will abundantly bless you. Bear me still upon your hearts in prayer, as I do you upon mine; and rejoice with me, that the Lord, who made, redeemed, and comforts us, bears us all upon his Heart. I am yours in him,  
J. F.

To Mr. John Owen.

Nyon, Feb. 14th, 1781.

I Thank you, my dear Brother, for your kind lines. I hope you help both Mr. Greaves and the preachers, to stir up the people in my parish. Be much in prayer. Strengthen the things that remain and are ready to die. I hope you take counsel with M. O. Mrs. Palmer, and M. Cartwright, about the most effectual means to recover the backsliders; and to keep together to Christ and to each other those who still hold their shield. Salute them kindly from me, and tell them, that I hope they will give me a good account of their little companies, and of themselves.  
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If I were not a minister, I would be a school-master, to have the pleasure of bringing up children in the fear of the Lord: that pleasure is yours; relish it, and it will comfort and strengthen you in your work. The joy of the Lord, and of chastity is our strength. Salute the children from me, and tell them, I long to shew them the way to happiness and heaven. Pray have you mastered the stiffness and thyness of your temper? Charity gives a meekness, an affability, a child-like simplicity, and openness, which nature has denied you, that grace might have all the honour of it. Let me find you shining by these virtues, and you will revive me much. God bless your labour among the sheep and the lambs. I need not tell you to remember me to your friends, not excepting your brother in law, your sister, and your niece Sally; to whose friendship I recommend my god-daughter Patty Cartwright. Go to James Hinkman, give him my love, and ask his for me and his old brethren. Give the same commission to T. Fennel and Nelly with respect to Samuel Stretton and his wife; likewise to Serjeant Lees with respect to his brother Thomas; and to I. Tranter, T. Banks, and T. Pool with respect to their friends about them. Remember me to all friends. I am yours affectionately,  
J. F.

P. S. Read the following note to all that fear God, and love Jesus and each other, assembling in Madeley church.

My dear Brethren,

My heart leaps with joy at the thought of coming to see you, and bless the Lord with you. Let us not flay to praise him till we see each other. Let us see him in his Son, in his word, in his works, and in all the members of Christ. How slow will post horses go, in comparison of love!

"Quick as seraphick flames we move,  
"To reign with Christ in endless day."

Meet me, as I do you—in spirit; and we shall not flay till April or May to bless God together: Now will be the time of union and love.

#### THE PROSTITUTE. A Fragment.

"I have neither eat nor drank for two days: nor have I laid my head upon a pillow for a week:—and I am drenched with the snow, which falls upon my almost naked body:—my limbs are almost numbed with cold; "O relieve me, for Heaven's sake!" These words, respiration with tremulous sound and broken accent, closed with a XVII. Feb. 1794. sigh

Mr. D. apprehending to be of a malignant nature, sent for a physician. Mr. Bishop, though not conscious of the violence of his disorder, said to one of our friends, "I am ready to go to Heaven." He earnestly exhorted all who came near him; appeared entirely dead to the things of this world, and had a glorious prospect of a blessed Eternity. His disorder continuing to increase, it was thought expedient to have a consultation of physicians; accordingly, two more of the most eminent of the faculty were called in: But it was not in the power of medicines to afford him relief; his work was finished on Earth; and on the 16th of June, the Lord was pleased to receive his departing spirit. All who knew him, cannot but acknowledge, that he was uniformly pious. His zeal for the Truth was unbounded; he had his conversation in Heaven, and walked humbly and closely with God. O what a Friend! what a Brother, have I lost! I have learned many useful lessons from him, and am determined, through Grace, to practise what I have been taught. In the midst of affliction the Lord has mercifully upheld me, and through his assistance I yet stand.

I believe the Spirit of God is still with us, and indeed I can, in some good degree, speak positively. The meetings are continued at the chapel, by two or three of us who met in class with Mr. Bishop; and on those evenings we used to have preaching, I generally read one of Mr. Wesley's sermons. There were 109 in society; but some of them belonged to the Black Corps stationed here, and are now sailed with the expedition against Martinico; and as that business has failed, I am informed they are to be stationed at Dominico: where, I fear, they will not enjoy the privilege of hearing the Word; there being no Preachers on that Island. I humbly hope, that the Lord will bless us with another Preacher, and that many souls will be brought to an acquaintance with our God. Mr. Dent has taken Mr. Bishop's affairs into his hands; and I am confident that nothing will be wanting on his part. He preached Mr. Bishop's funeral sermon in the chapel, from Rev. xiv. 13. This Island, and Dominico, have been visited with a severe affliction, which has carried off numbers, both rich and poor: among the rest we have to lament the death of the honourable William Smith, a Member of Council, and a sincere Friend of Mr. Bishop. That the Lord may bless all your labours, to the advancement of his kingdom in the souls of men, shall be the constant prayer of your very obedient servant,

FRANCIS HALLETT.

Letter

Letter from Mr. Fletcher, to Mr. John Wesley.

Rev. Sir,

Tern, Nov. 24, 1756.

AS I look upon you as my spiritual guide, and cannot doubt of your patience to hear, and your experience to answer a question, proposed by one of your people, I freely lay my case before you.

Since the first time I began to feel the love of God shed abroad in my soul, which was, I think, at seven years of age, I resolved to give myself up to him, and to the service of his Church, if ever I was fit for it; but, the corruption which is in the world, and that which was in my heart, soon weakened, if not erased those first characters, which grace had written upon it. However, I went through my studies, with a design of going into orders; but afterwards, upon serious reflection, feeling I was unequal to so great a burden, and disgusted by the necessity I should be under to subscribe the doctrine of Predestination, I yielded to the desire of my friends, who would have me to go into the army; but just before I was quite engaged in a military employment, I met with such disappointments as occasioned my coming to England. Here I was called outwardly three times to go into orders; but upon praying to God, that if those calls were not from him, they might come to nothing, something always blasted the designs of my friends; and in this, I have often admired the goodness of God, who prevented my rushing into that important employment, as the horse into the battle. I never was more thankful for this favour, than since I heard the gospel in its purity. Before I had been afraid, but then I trembled to meddle with holy things; and resolved to work out my salvation privately, without engaging in a way of life, which required so much more grace and gifts, than I was conscious I possessed; yet, from time to time, I felt warm and strong desires, to cast myself and my inability on the Lord, if I should be called any more, knowing that he could help me, and shew his strength in my weakness; and these desires were increased, by some little success, which attended my exhortations and labours to my friends.

I think it necessary to let you know, Sir, that my patron often desired me to take orders, and said, he would soon help me to a living; to which I coldly answered, I was not fit, and that besides, I did not know how to get a title. The thing was in that state, when about six weeks ago, a gentleman, I hardly knew, offered me a living, which, in all probability, will be vacant soon; and a clergyman, I never spoke to, gave me of his own accord, the title of curate to one of

his



his livings. Now, Sir, the question, which I beg you to decide is, Whether, I must and can make use of that title to get into orders? For, with respect to the living, were it vacant, I have no mind to it; because, I think, I could preach with more fruit in my native country, and in my own tongue.

I am in suspense; on one side, my heart tells me, I must try, and it tells me so, whenever I feel any degree of the love of God and man; on the other, when I examine, whether I am fit for it, I so plainly see my want of gifts, and especially, of that *soul* of all the labours of a minister,—*love, continual, universal, flaming love*, that my confidence disappears; I accuse myself of pride to dare to entertain the desire, of supporting one day the ark of God, and conclude, that an extraordinary punishment will, sooner or later, overtake my rashness. As I am in both of these frames successively, I must own, Sir, I do not see which of these two ways before me, I can take with safety; and I shall gladly be ruled by you; because, I trust, God will direct you in giving me the advice, you think will best conduce to his glory, which is the *only thing* I would have in view in this affair. I know how precious your time is, and desire no long answer,—*perfect*, or *forbear*, will satisfy and influence, Rev. Sir, your unworthy servant,

J. F.

## P O E T R Y.

The COUNTRY FELLOWS, and the Ass.

## A F A B L E.

Spoken at the breaking up of the Free-Grammar School, in Manchester.

A Country Fellow, and his Son, they tell  
In modern Fables, had an Ass to sell.  
For this intent, they turn'd it out to play,  
And fed to well, that, by the deslin'd day,  
They brought the creature into sleek repair,  
And drove it gently to a neighbouring Fair.

As they were jogging on, a rural Clafs  
Was heard to say,—“Look! Look there, at that Ass!  
“And those two blockheads, trudging on each side,  
“That have not either of ‘em, sense to ride;  
“Asses all three!”—And thus the country folks  
On man, and boy, began to cut their jokes.

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The old fellow minded nothing that they said,  
But every word stuck in the young one's head;  
And thus began there comment there-upon,—  
“*Ne'er heed ‘em, Lad.*”—“Nay, Father, do, get on.”—  
“*Not I, indeed.*”—“Why then let me, I pray.”—  
“*Well do; and see, what prating tongues will say.*”

The boy was mounted; and they had not got  
Much further on, before another knot,  
Just as the ass was pacing by, pad, pad,  
Cried,—“O! that lazy looby of a lad!  
“How unconcernedly the gaping brute  
“Lets the poor aged fellow walk a foot!”

Down came the Son, on hearing this account,  
And beg'd, and pray'd, and made his Father mount:  
Till a third party, on a farther stretch,  
“See I see!” exclaim'd, “that old hard-hearted wretch!  
“How like a Justice there he sits, or Squire;  
“While the poor lad keeps wading thro' the mire!”

“Stop!”—cried the lad, still deeper vex'd in mind,  
“Stop, father; stop; let me get on behind.”—  
Thus done, they thought they certainly should please,  
Escape reproaches, and be both at ease;  
For having tried each practicable way,  
What could be left for jokers now to say?

Still disappointed, by succeeding tone,—  
“Hark ye, you fellows! Is that ass your own?  
“Get off, for shame! Or one of you at least,  
“You both deserve to carry the poor beast,  
“Ready to drop down dead upon the road,  
“With such an huge, unconscionable load.”

On this, they both dismounted; and, some say,  
Contriv'd to carry, like a truss of hay,  
The ass between them: Prints, they add, are seen,  
With man, and lad, and flinging ass between:—  
Others omit that fancy in the Print,  
As over-straining an ingenious hint.

The Copy that we follow, says, the man  
Rub'd down the ass, and took to his first plan:  
Walk'd to the Fair, and sold him, got his price,  
And gave his Son this pertinent Advice;—  
“*Let Talkers talk; stick thou to what is best:*  
“*To think of pleasing all,—is all a Jest.*”

[DR. BYROM.

Exhorting

in paper, neatly covered with Turkey leather. The two Barbars that were with me had procured for themselves new ones at Senuar, which were to defend them from the sunoon and the sand, and all the dangers of the desert. That they might not soil these in filling the water, they had taken them from their arms, and laid them on the brink of the well before they went down. Upon looking for these after the girbas were filled, they were not to be found. This double attempt was an indication of a number of people being in the neighbourhood, in which case our present situation was one of the most desperate that could be figured. We were in the middle of the most barren, inhospitable desert in the world, and it was with the utmost difficulty that, from day to day, we could carry wherewithal to assuage our thirst. We had with us the only bread it was possible to procure for some hundred miles; lances and swords were not necessary to destroy us, the bursting or tearing of a girba, the lameness or death of a camel, a thorn or spout in the foot which might disable us from walking, were as certain death to us as a shot from a cannon. There was no flaying for one another; to lose time was to die, because, with the utmost exertion our camels could make, we scarce could carry along with us a scanty provision of bread and water sufficient to keep us alive.

That desert, which did not afford inhabitants for the assistance or relief of travellers, had greatly more than sufficient for destroying them. Large tribes of Arabs, two or three thousand, encamped together, were cantoned, as it were, in different places of this desert, where there was water enough to serve their numerous herds of cattle, and these, as their occasion required, traversed in parties all that wide expanse of solitude, from the mountains near the Red Sea east, to the banks of the Nile on the west, according as their several designs or necessities required. These were Jabekeen Arabs, those cruel, barbarous fanatics, that deliberately shed so much blood during the time they were establishing the Mahometan religion. Their prejudices had never been removed by any mixture of strangers, or softened by society, even with their own nation after they were polished; but buried, as it were, in these wild deserts, if they were not grown more savage, they had at least preserved, in their full vigour, those murdering principles which they had brought with them into that country, under the brutal and inhuman butcher Kaled Ibn el Waalid, impiously called *The Sword of God*. If it should be our lot to fall among these people, and it was next to a certainty that we were at that very instant surrounded by them, death was certain, and our only comfort was, that we could die but once, and that to the like men was in our own opinion. Indeed, without considering the bloody

bloody character which these wretches naturally bear, there could be no reason for letting us live: we could be of no service to them as slaves; and to have sent us into Egypt, after having first rifled and destroyed our goods, could not be done by them but at a great expence, to which well-inclined people only could have been induced from charity, and of that last virtue they had not even heard the name. Our only chance, then remaining was, that their number might be so small, that, by our great superiority in fire-arms and in courage, we might turn the misfortune upon the aggressors, deprive them of their camels and means of carrying water, and leave them scattered in the desert, to that death which either they or we, without alternative, must suffer.

I explained myself to this purpose, briefly to the people, on which a great cry followed, "God is great! let them come!" Our arms were perfectly in order, and our old Turk Ismael seemed to move about and direct with the vigour of a young man. As we had no doubt they would be mounted on camels, so we placed ourselves a little within the edge of the trees. The embers of our two fires were on our front; our tents, baggage, and boxes, on each side of us, between the opening of the trees; our camels and water behind us, the camels being chained together behind the water, and ropes at their heads, which were tied to trees. A skin of water, and two wooden bowls beside it, was left open for those that should need to drink. We had finished our breakfast before day-break, and I had given all the men directions to fire separately, not together, at the same set of people; and those who had the blunderbusses to fire where they saw a number of camels and men together, and especially at any camels they saw with girbas upon them, or where there was the greatest confusion.

[ To be continued. ]

Letter from Mr. FLETCHER to Mr. John Wesley.

London, May 26th, 1757.

Rev. Sir,

IF I did not write to you before Mrs. Wesley had asked me, it was not that I wanted a remembrancer within, but rather an encourager without. There is, generally, upon my heart such a sense of my unworthiness, that I sometimes dare hardly open my mouth before a child of God; and think it an unspeakable honour to stand before one who has recovered something of the image of God or sincerely seeks after it. Is it possible such a sinful worm as I should have the privilege to converse

converse with one, whose soul is sprinkled with the blood of my Lord! The thought amazes,—confounds me, and fills my eyes with tears of humble joy. Judge, then, at what distance I must see myself from you, if I am so much below the least of your children; and whether a remembrancer within suffices to make me presume to write to you, whose shoes I am not worthy to bear.

I rejoice that you find every where an increase of praying souls. I doubt not but the prayer of the righteous hath great power with God: yet I cannot believe, that it should hinder the fulfilling of Christ's gracious promises to his Church. He must, and certainly will come, at the time appointed: for he is not slack, as some men count slackness; and although, he would have all to come to repentance, yet, he has not forgot to be true and just. Only he will come with more mercy, and will increase the light, that shall be at evening-tide, according to his promise in Zech. xiv. 7. I should rather think, that the visions are not yet plainly disclosed, and that the day, and year, in which the Lord will begin to make bare his arm openly, are still concealed from us.

I must say of Mr. Walsli, as he said once to me concerning God, "I wish I could attend him every where, as Eliza did Elijah." But since the will of God calls me from him, I must submit, and drink the cup prepared for me. I have not seen him, unless for a few moments, three or four times before divine service. We must meet at the throne of grace, or meet him seldom. O when will the communion of saints be complete! Lord hasten the time, and let me have a place among them, that love thee, and love one another in sincerity.

I set out in two days for the country. O may I be faithful! Harmless like a dove, wise like a serpent, and bold as a lion for the common cause! O Lord do not forsake me! Stand by the weakest of thy servants, and enable thy children to bear with me, and wrestle with thee in my behalf. O bear with me, dear Sir, and give me your blessing every day, and the Lord will return it to you sevenfold. I am, Rev. and dear Sir, your unworthy servant, J. F.

FROM MR. FLETCHER TO MRS. GLYNNE.

Madam,

London, April 18, 1758.

AS it is never too late to do what multiplicity of business, rather than forgetfulness, has forced us to defer, I am not ashamed, tho' after some months, to use the liberty you gave me, to enquire after the welfare of your soul; and that so much the more, as I am conscious I have not forgotten you at the throne of grace. O may my petitions have reached heaven, and forced from thence, at least some drops of those

spiritual

spiritual showers of righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost, which I implore for you.

Though, I trust, the unction from above teaches you all things *needful to salvation*, and especially the necessity of continuing instant in prayer, and watching thereto with all perseverance; yet, I think it my duty to endeavour to add wings to your desires after holiness, by enforcing them with mine. O were I but clothed with all the righteousness of Christ, my prayers would avail much; and the lukewarmness of my brethren would not increase my guilt, as being myself an instance of that coldness of love, which puts me upon interceding for them.

Though I speak of lukewarmness, I do not accuse you, Madam, of having given way to it; on the contrary, it is my duty, and the joy of my heart, to hope, that you stir up more and more the gift of God, which is in you; that the evidences of your interest in a bleeding Lord get clearer every day; that the love of Christ constrains you more and more to deny yourself, take up your cross in all things, and follow him patiently, through bad and good report:—in a word, that continually *leaving the things which are behind, you stretch forward, through sunshine or darkness, towards the prize of your high calling in Jesus Christ*; I mean a heart emptied of pride, and filled with all the fulness of God. This is the hope, which I delight to entertain of you; and I describe it, not out of flattery, Madam, but with an intent that, if you fall short in any thing, these lines may be an instrument in the hand of God to stir you up again, and make you look on all things as *dung and dross*, in comparison of the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ, with whom we ought to be crucified to the world, and the world to us.

I have often thought of you, in reading the letters of a Lady: (Mrs. Lelevre,) who was a Christian, and an eminent Christian, not to say one of the brightest lights, that God has raised since the late revival of godliness. The reproach of Christ was her *crown of rejoicing*, his cross her *continual support*, his followers her *dearest companions*, his example the pattern of her conversation. She lived a saint, and died an angel. Her letters are a pattern for Christian correspondents, by the simplicity, edification, and love they breathe in every line. O when shall I write as she did! When my heart shall be full of God as her's was.

May the Lord enable you to walk in her steps, and grant me to see you shining among the humble, loving Marys of this age, as she did but a few months ago. Her GOD is OUR GOD: the same Spirit, that animated her, is waiting at the door of our hearts, to cleanse them, and fill them with his

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consolations,

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consolations, if we will but exclude the world, and let him in. Why should we then give way to despondency, and refuse to cherish that lively hope, which if any one has, he will purify himself, even as God is pure? Take courage then and consider, that the hour of self-dental and painful wrestlings with God will be short, and the time of victory and recompence as long as eternity itself. May the Lord enable you and me, to weigh that consideration in the balance of his sanctuary, and to act agreeably; and may that gracious Being, who invites the young man to honour him in the days of his youth, grant you to see him whom he has given you, ponder those solemn truths besides, and find by a happy experience, that none is happier than he, who takes early the Lord's yoke upon himself.

I conclude, by commending you to the Lord, and to the Word of his grace, and recommending myself to your prayers, I am Madam, your obedient servant for Christ's sake, J. F.

From Mr. FLETCHER, to Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir,

London, Dec. 12, 1758.

**I**F my silence was owing to forgetfulness, I should blush at not availing myself more frequently of your permission to write; but the idea I entertain, that nothing but your great condescension can make my correspondence supportable, makes me sometimes act in a manner quite contrary to the sentiments of my heart.

Before I left Tern, the Lord gave me a medicine to prepare me to suffer what awaited me here. This humiliation prepared me so well, that I was not surprized to learn, that a person in London had spread abroad many false and scandalous things of me, during my absence; and that the minds of many were prejudiced against me. In our sense I took a pleasure in thinking, that I was going to be rejected by the children of God, and that my Saviour would become more dear, under the idea, that as in heaven, so now on earth, I should have none but him. The first time I appeared in the chapel, many were so offended, that it was with difficulty they could forbear interrupting me in my prayer, to tell me, *Physician heal thyself*. I was on the point of declining to officiate, fearing I should only give fresh offence; indeed, I should have done so, had it not been for my old friend Bernon, who pressed me to stand firm, representing the triumph my silence would give my enemies, &c. His reasons appeared to me so cogent, that, as your brother did not reject my assistance, I read prayers, and engaged to preach some times in a morning; which I have accordingly continued to do.

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The same day I arrived in London, our poor friend Bernon took to his bed. Three days after the fever increased, and appeared to be dangerous. The next day, which was Wednesday, he settled his temporal concerns. Friday evening he was free from fever, and I had some hopes of his life; but on Saturday it appeared, that the fever was the lightest part of his malady, and the physician said, he would die of an inflammation in his bowels; which was the case on Monday, after an illness of eight days. I sat up with him three nights, and saw him as often as I could by day; and, blessed be God, I did not see him for a moment without the *full assurance of faith*. His soul was, in general, divided between the exercise of repentance, and of faith in the blood of the Lamb; however, from time to time, repentance gave place to rejoicing; and when he appeared better, he expressed much fear of returning to life. Nevertheless, one day, when I was not with him, he had a conflict with the Enemy of his faith, which continued an hour or two, when he came off conqueror. The violence of the fever sometimes threw him into delirium, and that was the case some hours before his dissolution. The last words he uttered, before the strength of his disease deprived him of speech, were, "O what love! What love!" I have in my heart a clear testimony that he died *the death of the just*. Thus to recompence me for the injury Satan has done me by a false friend, the Lord has taken to himself a true one, whom he will restore to me again in the last great day: Such a loss is a real gain. Adieu, J. F.

#### The danger of delaying to close with CHRIST:

**O**UR Life is a vapour that appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away, ready every moment to expire; and yet how negligent and careless we are about our eternal welfare! How long must Christ stand knocking at the door of our hearts, before we will condescend to admit him in? And how great is the indignity we put upon him, by these wretched delays? Tho' now is the accepted time; tho' the Holy Spirit may never invite us any more; tho' we are not sure of another day of Grace, yet how many hazard their Eternity, rather than they will, this day, hear the voice of Christ and live! Tho' they may have his righteousness and redemption, his spirit and his image, his heaven and his glory, by coming to him in faith, yet what trifling excuses are men's hearts filled with? Tho' they are actually condemned by the Law for capital offences, for High Treason against the Majesty of Heaven, and free pardon is offered by Jesus Christ, if they

"will be your father; yes, he will be a God unto you." To a younger brother, she said, "O John! once you knew the Lord; once you would pray with the people, and endeavour to bring them to God; but alas! you are now gone from him yourself! O turn to him, or you will be forever ruined! Turn to him *now*; and he will not cast you out, but receive you graciously, and heal all your backslidings." She then intreated her parents to be mindful of their large family, and not give them too much liberty.

She rested but little that night, her pain being very great. Next morning she said to a person present, "Once I was a vile wretch before the Lord, but now he is my God, and my all! O turn to him with your whole heart, for he stands ready with open arms to receive you. He is willing to save all the world, if they would but come unto him. Only think, what a happy circumstance it would be, if you and your family were serving the Lord, and going on in the way to Heaven." Some time after, at her request, I sung a hymn, and she attempted to join with me; but her voice failing, she said, with holy confidence, "When I get above, I shall sing as loud as you." An old servant of her father's standing by weeping, Ann said, "I am glad you are come to see me; I know you are good-natured to others, but why are you not so to your own poor soul? You sometimes curse and swear, but you must forsake this evil practice, or you can never get to Heaven: Remember, I tell you with my dying lips."

Next morning she expressed the most tender compassion for them who had watched with her during the night; and altho' her affliction continued to increase, yet her care for the welfare of others seemed to engage all her attention. She sung the first verse of,—*"Away with our sorrows and fears, we soon shall recover our home."* Her soul was filled with holy joy and triumph; she cried out in an ecstasy, "What a comfort is this, what a Heaven of bliss! How unspeakably happy am I!" That day, many Papists being present, she said, "Some trust in what man can do for them, with respect to their absolution from sin; but who can forgive sins except the Lord only? None can do a sinner good but Christ, and he needs no helper; for he is a whole Saviour. Is he not able to save to the uttermost, who lived and died for sinners? What could he do more, to make an atonement for our sins? He can forgive sins on earth, and none but he."

The following evening, many persons being present, she earnestly exhorted them to turn to the Lord instantly, for he was waiting to be gracious; and testifying to all, that she had the heart-felt experience of his pardoning Love. On Friday,

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she addressed a person with great affection, saying, "O seek the Lord, as if you had but one moment to live! You see I am dying, and what should I do if I had not Christ for my refuge?" "None but Jesus can do helpless sinners good." To a young woman, she said, "You see I am young, and yet I am dying: Do you think you shall never die? I am very low, yet I would not exchange my sick-bed for a thousand worlds." "O Death, where is thy sting?" "O Grave, where is thy Victory?" Some time after she cried out, "Blessed be the day that ever I was born! Glory be to the Lord for giving me existence, and for all that he has done for my soul." She looked forward to her approaching dissolution with pleasure, frequently saying, "Come, Lord Jesus! O come quickly." Her parents having cordially entertained the preachers, and treated them with the greatest kindness, for many years, she embraced her father, most affectionately, saying, "Surely you are well paid for all your attention to the preachers; I am going to Heaven, and I trust so will all the family."

I was with her on Saturday morning: For a considerable space she was silent, seemingly listening with great attention, with her eyes lifted up towards heaven; at length she cried out, "Don't you hear that? O the music, the music!" She wondered much that those who sat up with her, did not hear it in the night; for she said, it was most loud and charming. Some time after, her eyes being steadily fixed, as if viewing some lovely object, she cried out to Mr. Crozier, "Don't you see that? O the beauty! the beauty!" In the evening, without a sigh or groan, she entered into the rest that remaineth for the people of God, in the 20th year of her age.

Cavan Circuit, Feb. 1794.

THOMAS RIDGEWAY.

Letter from Mr. FLETCHER to Mr. Charles Wesley.

My dear Sir,

London, March 22, 1759.

YOU left me without permitting me to say, farewell; but that shall not hinder me from wishing you a good journey, and I flatter myself, that you are in the habit of returning my prayers. Since your departure, I have lived more than ever like a hermit. It seems to me, that I am an unprofitable weight upon the earth. I want to hide myself from all. I tremble when the Lord favours me with a sight of myself; I tremble to think of preaching only to dishonour God. To-morrow I preach at West Street, with all the feelings of

Jonah:

Jonah : O would to God I might be attended with his success! If the Lord shall, in any degree sustain my weakness, I shall consider myself as indebted to your prayers. The Adversary avails himself mightily of the enthusiasm of Miss A—d to prevent the success of my preaching in French ; but I believe that my own unworthiness does more for the Devil, than ten Miss A—s. However, I have thought it my duty to endeavour to stem the torrent of discouragement, praying the Lord to provide for this poor people a pastor after his own heart, whom the wandering sheep may be willing to hear, and who may bring them to himself.

A proposal has lately been made to me, to accompany Mr. N. Gilbert to the West Indies. I have weighed the matter : But on one hand, I feel that I have neither sufficient zeal, nor grace, nor talents, to expose myself to the temptations and labours of a mission in the West Indies ; and on the other, I believe, that if God calls me thither, the time is not yet come. I wish to be certain, that I am converted myself, before I leave my converted brethren to convert heathens. Pray let me know what you think of this business ; if you condemn me to put the sea between us, the command would be a hard one ; but I might, possibly, prevail on myself to give you that proof of the delerence I pay to your judicious advice.

I have taken possession of my little hired chamber. There I have outward peace, and I wait for that which is within. I was this morning with Lady Huntingdon, who salutes you, and unites with me to say, that we have need of you to make one in our threefold cord, and to beg you will hasten your return, when Providence permits. Our conversation was deep and full of the energy of faith on the part of the Counsellors ; as to me, I sat like Saul at the feet of Gamaliel. J. F.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir, London, April — 1759,  
WITH a heart bowed down with grief, and eyes bathed with tears, occasioned by our late heavy loss, I mean the death of Mr. Walth, I take my pen to pray you, to intercede for me. What! that sincere, laborious, and zealous servant of God! Was he saved only as by fire, and was not his prayer heard till the twelfth hour was just expiring? O where shall I appear; I, who am an unprofitable servant! Would to God, my eyes were fountains of water to weep for my sins! Would to God, I might pass the rest of my days, in crying, "Lord, have mercy upon me!" All is vanity—grace, talents, labours, if we compare them with the mighty stride we have to take from time into eternity! Lord, remember me now that thou art in thy kingdom!

I have

I have preached and administered the sacrament at West Street sometimes in the holidays. May God water the poor seed I have sown, and give it fruitfulness, though it be only in one soul!

I have lately seen so much weakness in my heart, both as a minister and a Christian, that I know not which is most to be pitied, the man, the believer, or the preacher. Could I, at last, be truly humbled, and continue so always, I should esteem myself happy in making this discovery. I preach merely to keep the chapel open, until God shall send a workman after his own heart. *Nos numeri sumus* ;\* this is almost all I can say of myself. If I did not know myself a little better, than I did formerly, I should tell you, that I had ceased altogether from placing any confidence in my repentances, &c. &c. but I see my heart is so full of deceit, that I cannot depend on my knowledge of myself.

You are not well.—Are you, then, going to leave us, like poor Mr. Walth? Ah stay, and permit me to go first, that, when my soul shall leave the body, you may commend it to the mercy of my Saviour.

The day Mr. Walth died, the Lord gave our brethren the spirit of supplication for him, and many innumerable groans were offered up for him at Spitalfields, where I was. Who shall render us the same kind offices? Is not our Hour near? O, my God, when thou comest, prepare us, and we shall be ready! You owe your children an elegy upon his death, and you cannot employ your poetic talents on a better subject.

J. F.

\* I fill up an empty space.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir, Tern, July 19. 1759.  
INSTEAD of apologizing for my silence, I will tell you, that I have twenty times endeavoured to break it, but without effect. I will simply relate the cause of my silence, referring you to the remembrance of your own temptations, for that patience you must exercise to a weak, tempted soul. This is the fourth summer that I have been brought hither, in a peculiar manner, to be tempted of the Devil in a wilderness ; and I have improved so little by my past exercises, that I have not defended myself better than in the first year. Being arrived here, I began to spend my time as I had determined, one part in prayer, and the other in meditation on the holy scriptures. The Lord blessed my devotions, and I advanced from conquering to conquer, leading every thought captive to the obedience of Jesus Christ, when it pleased God to show

me,



me some of the folds of my heart. As I looked for nothing less than such a discovery, I was extremely surprized, so much so, as to forget Christ: You may judge already what was the consequence. A spiritual langour seized on all the powers of my soul, and I suffered myself to be carried away quietly by a current, with the rapidity of which I was unacquainted.

Neither doubt, nor despair troubled me for a moment: my temptat on took another course. It appeared to me, that God would be much more glorified by my damnation, than my salvation. It seemed altogether incompatible with the holiness, the justice, and the veracity of the Supreme Being, to admit so stubborn an offender into his presence. I could do nothing but be astonished at the patience of God. Do not imagine, however, that I was in a state of evangelical repentance; no,—a man who repents desires to be saved, but I desired it not: I was even impatient to go to my own place; and secretly wished, that God would for a moment give me the exercise of his iron sceptre, to break myself to pieces as a vessel to dishonour; a bitter and cruel zeal, against myself, and all the sinners who were with me, filled all my thoughts and all my desires. The Devil, who well knew how to improve the opportunity, blew without ceasing the sparks of some corruptions, which I thought extinguished, or at the point of being so, till at last the fire began to appear without. This opened my eyes, and I felt it was time to implore succour. It is now eight days since I endeavoured to pray, but almost without success: yesterday, however, as I sang one of your hymns, the Lord lifted up my head, and commanded me to face my enemies. By his grace, I am already conqueror, and I doubt not, that I shall soon be more than conqueror. Although I deserve it not, nevertheless, hold up my hands till all these Amalekites be put to flight. I am, &c. J. F.

To the Rev. Mess. JOHN and CHARLES WESLEY.

Macon in Burgundy, May 17, 1778.

Dear Sir,

I Hope that while I lie by, like a broken vessel, the Lord continues to renew your vigour, and sends you to water his vineyard, and to stand in the gap against error and vice. I have recovered some strength, blessed be God, since I came to the Continent; but have lately had another attack of my old complaints. However, I find myself better again, though I think it yet advisable not to speak in public.

I preached twice at Marcellus, but was not permitted to follow the blow. There are few noble, inquisitive Boreas in these parts. The ministers in the town of my nativity have

been very civil. They have offered me the pulpit; but I fear, if I could accept the offer, it would soon be recalled. I am loath to quit this part of the field without casting a stone at that giant Sin, who stalks about with uncommon boldness. I shall, therefore, stay some months longer, to see if the Lord will please to give me a little more strength to venture an attack.

Gaming and drest, sinful pleasure and love of money, unbelief and false philosophy, lightness of spirit, fear of man, and love of the world, are the principal sins, by which Satan binds his captives in these parts. Materialism is not rare; Deism and Socinianism are very common; and a set of Free-thinkers, great admirers of Voltaire and Rousseau, Bayle and Mirabeau, seem bent upon destroying Christianity and government. "With one hand, (said a lawyer, who has written something against them) they shake the throne, and with the other, they throw down the altars." If we believe them, the world is the dupe of kings and priests. Religion is fanaticism and superstition. Subordination is slavery and tyranny. Christian morality is absurd, unnatural, and impracticable; and Christianity the most bloody religion that ever was. And here it is certain, that by the example of Christians *so called*, and by our continual disputes, they have a great advantage, and do the truth immense mischief. "Popery will certainly fall in France, in this, or the next century; and I make no doubt, God will use those vain men, to bring about a reformation here, as he used Henry the Eighth to do that work in England: so the madness of his enemies shall, at last, turn to his praise, and to the furtherance of his kingdom."

In the mean time, it becomes all lovers of the truth, to make their heavenly tempers, and humble, peaceful love, to shine before all men, that those mighty adversaries, seeing the good works of professors, may glorify their Father who is in heaven, and no more blaspheme that worthy name, by which we are all called Christians.

If you ask, What system these men adopt? I answer, that some build on Deism, a morality founded on *self-preservation*, *self-interest*, and *self-honour*. Others laugh at all morality, except that which being neglected violently disturbs society; and external order is the decent covering of Fatalism, while Materialism is their system.

O dear Sirs, let me entreat you, in these dangerous days, to use your wide influence, with unabated zeal, against the scheme of these modern Celluses, Porphyries, and Julians; by calling all professors to think and speak the same things, to love and embrace one another, and to stand firmly embodied

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to resist those daring men; many of whom are already in England, headed by the admirers of Mr. Hume and Mr. Hobbes. But it is needless to say this to those who have made, and continue to make such a stand for vital Christianity; so that I have nothing to do but pray, that the Lord would abundantly support and strengthen you to the last, and make you a continued comfort to his enlightened people, loving reprovers of those who mix light and darkness, and a terror to the perverse: and this is the cordial prayer of, Rev. and dear Sirs, your affectionate son, and obliged servant in the gospel,

J. F.

P. S. I need not tell you, Sirs, that the hour in which Providence shall make my way plain to return to England, to unite with the happy number of those who feel, or seek the power of Christian godliness, will be welcome to me. O favoured Britons! Happy would it be for them, if they knew their gospel privileges! My relations in Adam are all very kind to me; but the spiritual relations, whom God has raised me in England, exceed them yet. Thanks be to Christ, and to his blasphemed religion!

## A L E T T E R,

From the Rev. WILLIAM GRIMSHAW, to the Societies in Newcastle-upon-Tyne and the Neighbourhood.

Dear Brethren,

Haworth, May 1, 1758.

YOU that can say, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the Victory thro' our LORD JESUS CHRIST," happy are you. 'Tis from Experience only, that we can truly say so. Blessed are the people, that are in such a case; who thro' faith in Jesus are already saved from the guilt, and power, and curse of Sin; and if you continue faithful to the end, you shall be eternally saved from Wrath and Hell. Through the operations and influence of the Holy Spirit, you have the knowledge of pardon, and the sense of that peace which passes all understanding. All things are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's. Thro' the Holy Ghost dwelling in you, you have power over the world, the flesh, and the devil. Life eternal, heaven, glory, is in you already begun: hence, and only hence, spring love, joy, and peace; and cheerful, sincere, universal, evangelical obedience to God. By this you feelingly, as well as scripturally find, that holiness is the End, as well as the Happiness of a Christian. Stand fast, therefore, my dear brethren, in the liberty wherewith Christ hath made you free. And as you have received Christ Jesus the Lord, who is in you the hope of Glory, so

walk

walk ye in Him, till Grace terminates in Glory, and present Holiness in eternal Happiness.

Shall I need to exhort you to this? Holiness should be the natural, necessary consequence of regeneration. True: but yet we have need to exhort, and to be exhorted. St. Peter would not be negligent to put the Churches in remembrance of these things. I beseech you therefore, Brethren, in his own words, "Giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue, and to virtue knowledge, and to knowledge temperance, and to temperance patience, and to patience godliness, and to godliness brotherly-kindness, and to brotherly kindness charity. For if these things be in you, and abound, they make you that ye shall neither be barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of our LORD JESUS CHRIST."

Our duty may be considered in a fourfold relation. 1. To God. 2. Our brethren. 3. Our neighbour. 4. Ourselves.

1. To God: Three in One. HIM, whether as FATHER, SAVIOUR, SANCTIFIER,—we should love and serve with a perfect heart, and a willing mind. Thro' His all-sufficient Grace, we must walk in all his ordinances and commandments blameless. This must be done incessantly, invariably, universally, cordially, cheerfully, all the days of our appointed time, until our change comes. But when we have done all, it is infinitely short of his due.

2. To our Brethren. They are partakers with us of the divine Nature, and fellow-heirs of the same Hope. We should love them, as Christ loved us;—we should delight in them, associate with them, and unite in prayer, and praising the same Lord together; communicate in the same ordinances, and at the same holy supper:—mutually build each other up in our most holy faith. Instruct, exhort, admonish, as persons and circumstances from time to time require. Recover backsliders, quicken triflers, strengthen the weak, succour the tempted, comfort the mourners; and in the spirit of meekness and love, become all things to all, that we may be edified and saved.

3. To our Neighbour:—All Men: We should be as a lighted candle set upon a candlestick; so letting our Light shine before them, that they seeing our good works, may be convinced and converted, and thereby, with us, glorify our FATHER who is in Heaven. In common life; take care to do justice and shew mercy to them. This from us, is their right; and thus we may possibly win their souls to God. In religious life; we should behave in an even, unwearied, diligent, and zealous exercise, of every means of Grace and vout, and zealous exercise, of every means of Grace and Ordinance of our holy Religion before them; labouring on all occasions to convince them of our good-will towards them,

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veracity, amongst the professors of religion both in town and country: We therefore cannot entertain the least doubt of the facts enumerated. But as some of the parties are still living, we deem it inexpedient to mention their names.

The happy Death of a pious young Woman, near Cross Hall, in Yorkshire.

THIS young Woman was awakened by the preaching of the Word, and found Peace with God. Some time after she married a pious man with whom she lived in the fear of the Lord; and they proved mutual helps to each other in the way to happiness and eternal life. She was afflicted with a disorder, which occasioned great sufferings and pain for near a year, and in the end proved her death. In the midst of adversity she enjoyed much of the divine presence, and her soul was drawn out after a full conformity to the Image of God; frequently expressing her gratitude to the Father of Mercies, for all his dispensations, and particularly for the sufferings he was pleased to permit to exercise her faith. The greatest trial she met with during the course of her afflictions, was, a fear lest the agonies of death should be too many for her, and that she would not be able to honour the Lord in her last moments. She continued whole nights together in prayer for holiness; and in the midst of severe afflictions would often say, "Lay more stripes upon me, Lord, if they be needful; do not spare, till thy work is done; there is need of all." A little before her death, the Lord visited her in a wonderful manner, and filled her soul with his mighty consolations. As she sat in a chair (not having been in bed a great while) she said to her mother, "What is this sweet I feel? Surely, this is not death?" Upon her mother replying, she was afraid it was death, the daughter cried out, "O how good is the Lord to me! Is this dying? O never let any who believe in Jesus, be afraid of Death. It is sweet work; it is comfortable; it is only going to Heaven!" She thanked her husband in the most affectionate manner, for all the kindness and attention he had shewed her, and praised the Lord on his account. Soon after, it seemed, as if the divine glory overshadowed her soul, and Eternity opened to her view! Her joy was so abundant, that she shouted aloud, "O what Glory! What glory! I am going to it! I am going to Heaven! O what hath the Lord done for me! precious, precious Jesus! He hath washed me, and I am whiter than snow. O follow me, as I have followed Christ. Let me stand to praise him." She then raised herself upon one leg, (the other having been cut off) and in an ecstasy of joy cried out, "Praise Him! Praise Him!" And while the words were on her lips, she instantly entered into everlasting Rest.

LETTERS

Mr. FLETCHER's LETTERS.

To the Rev. Mr. Charles Wesley.

My dear Sir,

London, Sept. 14, 1759.

I Thank you for your speedy answer, and nothing, but the assurance of your speedy arrival is wanting to make my happiness complete. Your last lines drew tears from my eyes: I cannot wait till your death, to beseech you to give me that benediction of which you speak. I conjure you, in the name of Christ, to give it me, when you read these lines, and to repeat it, as frequently as you think of a poor brother, who needs the prayers of every one, and who cannot part with yours.

I accept with pleasure, the obliging proposal you make me for the approaching winter; and I entreat you to consider it less as a proposal, than as an engagement into which you have entered, and of which I have a right to solicit the fulfilment. Permit me only to add to it *one condition*, which is, to make our reading, &c. tend, as much as possible, to that poverty of spirit, which I so greatly need.

A few days ago, the Lord gave me two or three lessons on that subject; but alas! how have I forgotten them! I saw, I felt, that I was entirely void of wisdom and virtue. I was ashamed of myself, and I could say with a degree of feeling, which I cannot describe, *Nil ago, nil habeo, sum nil; in pulvra serpo.*\* I could then say, what Gregory Lopez was enabled to say at all times, "There is no man, of whom I have not a better opinion, than of myself." I could have placed myself under the feet of the most atrocious sinner, and have acknowledged him for a saint, in comparison of myself. If ever I am humble and patient, if ever I enjoy solid peace of mind, it must be in this very spirit: Ah! why do I not actually find these virtues? Because, I am filled with self-sufficiency, and am possessed by that self-esteem, which blinds me, and hinders me from doing justice to my own demerits. O! pray that the Spirit of Jesus may remove these scales from my eyes for ever, and compel me to retire into my own nothingness.

To what a monstrous idea had you well nigh given birth! What! the labours of my ministry under you deserve a salary! I, who have done nothing but dishonour'd God hitherto, and am not in a condition to do any thing else for the future! If, then, I am permitted to stand in the courts of the Lord's house, is it not for me to make an acknowledgement rather

\* I do nothing, have nothing, am nothing; I crawl in the dust.

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than



than to receive one. If I ever receive any thing of the Methodist Church, it will be only as an indigent mendicant receives an alms, without which he would perish. Such were some of the thoughts, which passed through my mind, with regard to the proposal you made to me in London; and I doubt, whether my own vanity, or your goodness, will be able to efface the impressions they have left.

I have great need of your advice, relative to the letters which I receive one after another from my relations, who unite in their invitations to me, to return to my own country: One says, "To settle my affairs there;" another, "To preach there;" a Third, "To assist him to die, &c." They press me to declare, whether I renounce my family, and the demands I have upon it; and my mother desires, that I will, at least, go and see her; and commands me to do so in the strongest terms. What answer shall I make? If she thought, as you do, I should write to her, "*Ubi Christiani, ibi patria.*"\* My mother, my brethren, my sisters, are those who do the will of my Heavenly Father: but she is not in a state of mind to digest such an answer! A mother, is a mother long. On the other hand, I have no inclination to yield to their desires, which appear to me merely natural; for I shall lose precious time, and incur expence: My presence is not absolutely necessary to my concerns; and it is more probable that my relations will pervert me to vanity and interest, than that I shall convert them to genuine Christianity. Lastly, I shall have no opportunity to exercise my ministry. Our Swiss ministers, who preach only once a week, will not look upon me with a more favourable eye than the ministers here; and irregular preaching is impracticable, and would only cause me, either to be laid in prison, or immediately banished from the country.

May the Almighty be your defence day and night! What he protects is well protected. Permit me to thank you for the sentence from Kempis, with which you close your letter, by returning to you another—"You run no risk in considering yourself as the wickedest of men; but you are in danger, if you prefer yourself to any one."

I am, &c. J. F.

\* Where there are Christians, there is my country.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir,

Tern, Sept. 29. 1759.

YOUR silence began to make me uneasy, and your letter had well nigh made me draw my pen over one I had written to ask the cause of it. The Lord afflicts you: that is enough

enough to silence every complaint, and I will not open my mouth, except it be to pray the Lord, to enable you and yours to bring forth those fruits of righteousness, which attend the trials of his children. Take care of yourself, for the sake of the Lord's little flock, and for me who with all the impatience of brotherly love, reckon every day till I can have the pleasure of embracing you.

If I know any thing of true brotherly love, (of which I often doubt) it agrees perfectly well with the love of God, as the sounds of the different parts in music agree with each other. Their union arises from their just difference; and they please, sometimes, so much the more, as they appear the most opposed. The opposition of sentiments between divine and brotherly love, together with the subordination of the latter, forms that delightful combat in the soul of a believer, that being divided between two, of the apostle, [Phil. i. 23.] which concludes with a sacrifice of resignation, of which the natural man is not capable. Your expression, "Spread the moral sense all over," gives me an idea of that charity, which I seek. The love of Gregory Lopez appears to me too stoical: I do not find in it that vehement desire, those tears of love, that ardour of seeing and possessing each other in the bowels of Jesus Christ, which I find so frequently in the Epistles of St. Paul. If this sensibility be a failing, I do not wish to be exempt from it. What think you?

When I was reading Telemachus with my pupils, I was struck with this expression, "He blushed to have been born with so little feeling for men, and to appear to them so inhuman." I easily applied the first part, and the son of Ulysses gave me an example of Christian repentance, which I wish to follow, till my heart is truly circumcised. Send me some remedy, or give me some advice against this hardness of heart under which I groan. *A propos*—concerning hardness of heart; what you say about reducing a mother to despair, has made me recollect what I have often thought, that the particular fault of the Swiss is to be *without natural affection*. What respect to that preference which my mother shews me above her other children, I see clearly, that I am indebted for almost all the affection she expresses for me in her letters, to my absence from her, which hinders her from seeing my faults. Nevertheless, I reproach myself severely, that I cannot interest myself in her welfare, as much as I did in that of my deceased father; and I am astonished at the difference. I believe the time is not yet come, when my presence may be of service to her, and I flatter myself she will not be shocked at my refusal, which I have softened as much as I could.

I fear you did not rightly understand what I wrote about the proposal you made me at London. So far from making

conditions, I feel myself unworthy of receiving them. Be it what it may, I thank God, that I trouble myself with no temporal things; my only fear is that of having too much, rather than too little, of the things necessary for life. I am weary of abundance: I could wish to be poor with my Saviour; and those, whom he hath chosen to be rich in faith, appear to me objects of envy in the midst of their wants. Happy should I be, if a secret pride of heart did not disguise itself under these appearances of humility! Happy should I be if that dangerous serpent did not conceal himself under these sweet flowers, and feed on their juices! I am, &c. J. F.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir,  
**F**OR some days past, the hope of hearing from you has been balanced by the fear that you were not in a condition to write. This last idea prevails so much, that I take my pen, to entreat you, to deliver me from the inquietude which I suffer from your silence. If the gout prevents you from writing, employ the hand of a friend: if you are in the third heaven of contemplation and love, let brotherly love, for a moment, bring you down; if you wander in the desert of temptation, let sympathy unite you to a miserable man, who feels himself undone.

Since my last, I have taken some steps towards the knowledge of myself. If you enquire, what I have learned? I answer, that I am naked of every thing, but *pride* and *unbelief*. Yesterday I was seized with the desire of making rhymes, and I versified my thoughts on the present state of my soul in a hymn, the first part of which I now send you. If the poetry does not deserve reading, the language will recal to mind your French.

May the care you take of your health have the success I wish; and while I wait the event, may He, who enabled St. Paul to say, *When I am weak, then am I strong*, sustain you in all your infirmities, and fill your inward man with his mighty power! You will see by the hymn, in which I have attempted to paint my heart, that I have at present far other things to do, than to think of going on to perfection, even laying the foundation of the spiritual house; much less, then, can I help forward those who seek it. I am, &c. J. F.

#### ON SACRED ATTENTION.

**W**HOEVER is determined to be a Christian indeed, and to enjoy a constant sense of the divine approbation, must carefully attend to the operations of the Holy Spirit in his own heart, and diligently labour to preserve a continual union with God, even in the midst of the various avocations

and employments he is called to in the order of providence. If we really desire the Favour and Grace of God, we must solemnly and deeply abase ourselves at his feet, who is the inexhaustible fountain of Love, from a sense of our own nothingness and vanity; praying humbly, that he would enable us to glorify Him. This exercise is far better than if we had ability and skill to conquer and govern the whole world.

Be careful not to endeavour to imitate other men's ways, except it be in their essential Virtues; for the essential path which leads to God is but one, and always the same. Nevertheless attend to thy religious call, and enquire what God requires of thee. He who properly attends to what passes in the centre of his own heart, and is rightly sensible of his natural corruption, will renounce himself, and follow the Lord in the path which he is pleased to lead him: Such a one remains stedfast as an iron pillar, receiving all that happens to him, as coming by divine permission. He submits to God's judgment, and bows obsequious to his Will, which he keeps continually in view. He rarely will be in doubt what he ought to do, in matters relating to eternal Life; and will soon overcome all obstacles, however strange or difficult they may be.

A continual attention to one's self is difficult in the beginning, but practice will make hard things easy. When, with a single, jealous eye, a man examines his ways, his words, and habits, in order to discover if they are agreeable to the divine Will; the Lord will not suffer him to go astray, however intricate and dangerous his way may be; he will attain to the right knowledge of himself; whatever corruptions are within they will be brought to light, and his soul will be agitated with a painful, but holy desire, to be speedily delivered from them.

A man of God must accustom himself to have the Lord present before the eye of his mind. Keep thy spirit in the same temper and disposition, both in the hour of prayer, and at all other times. Even in company, labour to retain a sense of God's presence. Let not the things seen or heard, be dwelt upon, or pondered in thy mind, more than is really necessary, lest thy imagination and desires be defiled by strange ideas, or a disorderly love. For whatever images we suffer to be impressed upon our minds, whether pleasing or disagreeable, they will again present themselves; and especially when we are at prayer, we shall find ourselves embarrassed by them, nor can we speedily throw them off, without strong exertions of faith.

We must not be satisfied with having thought upon God, as a passing object, for such thoughts soon vanish; and where there is one thought of God, there will be ten others relating to temporal things, which drive away the first. Wherefore it

by five or six people, and then into another room, the door of which opened to the lobby where his soldiers or servants were. There was a slave very richly dressed, who had a small basket with oranges in his hand, who came out at another door, as if from the Bey, and said to me, "Here, Yagoubé, here is some fruit for you."

In that country it is not the value of the present, but the character and power of the person that sends it, that creates the value. It is a mark of friendship and protection, and the best of all assurances. Well accustomed to ceremonies of this kind, I took a single orange, bowing low to the man that gave it me, who whispered me, "Put your hand to the bottom, the best fruit is there, the whole is for you, it is from the Bey." A purse was exceedingly visible. It was a large crimson one wrought with gold, not netted or transparent as ours are, but like a stocking. I lifted it out; there were a considerable number of sequins in it; I kissed it, in respect from whence it came, and said to the young man that held the basket, "This is, indeed, the best fruit, at least commonly thought so, but it is forbidden fruit for me. The Bey's protection and favour is more agreeable to me than a thousand such purses would be."

The servant shewed a prodigious surprise. In short, nothing can be more incredible to a Turk, whatever his quality may be, than to think that any man can refuse money offered him. Although I expressed myself with the utmost gratitude and humility, finding it impossible to prevail upon me, the thing appeared so extraordinary, that a beggar in a barracan, dressed like those slaves who carry water, and wash the stairs, should refuse a purse of gold, he could no longer consent to my going away, but carried me back to where the Bey was still sitting. He was looking at a large piece of yellow satin. He asked the usual question, "How, now? What is the matter?" To which his slave gave him a long answer in Turkish. He laid down the satin, turned to me, and said, "Why, what is this? You must surely want money; that is not your usual dress? What! does this proceed from your pride?"

"Sir, answered I, may I beg leave to say two words to you? There is not a man to whom you ever gave money more grateful, or more sensible of your generosity in offering it me, than I am at this present. The reason of my waiting upon you in this dress was, because it is only a few hours ago since I left the boat. I am not however a needy man, or one that is distressed for money; that being the case, and as you have already my prayers for your charity, I would not deprive you of those of the widow and the orphan, whom that money may very materially relieve.

Julian

Julian and Rosa, the first house in Cairo, will furnish me with what money I require; besides, I am in the service of the greatest king in Europe, who would not fail to supply me abundantly if my necessities required it, as I am travelling for his service."

In the subsequent conversation between the Bey and Mr. Bruce, he so far gained the esteem of that Prince, by his manly and generous behaviour, that he obtained a *Firman*, permitting the captains of English vessels belonging to Bombay and Bengal, to bring their ships and merchandise to Suez; a place far preferable, in all respects, to Judda, to which they were formerly confined. Of this permission, which no European nation could ever before acquire, many English vessels have already availed themselves; and it has proved peculiarly useful both in public and private dispatches. The Bey ordered Mr. Bruce to be clothed with a caftan, which is a loose garment like a night-gown, and is a gift of ceremony, and a mark of favour. Upon withdrawing from the presence of the Bey, he was received with great respect by the bye-standers. He acknowledged, indeed, "That the man was the same, but it was the caftan that made the difference." The soldiers conducted him to his lodgings with great dispatch, on a mule finely caparisoned, but free from the clatter of the quarter-staff. The scale of politeness was now turned in his favour, and to shew their respect, they knocked down every person they overtook in the streets, giving him first a blow with the quarter-staff, and then asking him, why he did not get out of the way? After some stay at Cairo, Mr. Bruce embarked at Alexandria for Marseilles, where he happily arrived, and which finishes the account of his travels.

#### MR. FLETCHER'S LETTERS.

To Mrs. Ryon and Miss Furley.

My dear Sisters,

October 1, 1759.

I Have put off writing to you, lest the action of writing should divert my soul from the awful and delightful worship it is engaged in. But I now conclude, I shall be no loser, if I invite you to love Him whom my soul loveth, to adore Him my soul dreads, to adore Him my soul adores, Sink with me, or rather, let me sink with you, before the throne of grace; and while cherubim veil their faces, and cry out in tender fear, Holy! holy! holy! let us put our mouths in the dust, and echo back the solemn sound, Holy! holy! holy! Let us try to fathom the depths of divine mercy; and, convinced of the impossibility of such an attempt, let us lose ourselves in them. Let us be comprehended by God, if we cannot comprehend him. Let us be supremely happy in God. Let the intenseness of our happiness border on misery, because we can make him no return. Let our heads become water, and our eyes fountains of tears.—tears of humble repentance, of solemn joy, of silent admiration, of exalted adoration, of raptured desires, of inflamed transports, of speechless awe. My God, and my all!—Your God, and your



you all!—Our God, and our all! Praise him; and with our souls blended in one by divine love, let us with one mouth glorify the Father of our Lord Jesus Christ;—our Father, who is over all, through all, and in us all.

I charge you before the Lord Jesus Christ, who giveth life, and more abundant life; I entreat you, by all the workings of faith, the exertions of hope, and the flames of love, you ever felt, sink to greater depths of self-abasing repentance, and rise to greater heights of Christ-exalting joy. And let him, who is able to do exceeding abundantly, more than you can ask or think, carry on and fulfil in you the work of faith with power; with that power, whereby he subdueth all things to himself. Be steadfast in hope, immovable in patience and love, always abounding in the outward, and inward labour of love, and receive the end of your faith, the salvation of your souls. I am, &c. J. F.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir,

London, Nov. 15th, 1759.

**Y**OUR letter was not put into my hand till eight days after my arrival in London. I carried the enclosed agreeably to its address, and passed three hours with a modern prodigy,—an humble and pious Countess. I went with trembling, and in obedience to your orders; but I soon perceived a little of what the disciples felt, when Christ said to them, It is I, be not afraid. She proposed to me something of what you hinted to me in your garden; namely, to celebrate the communion sometimes at her house of a morning, and to preach when occasion offered; in such a manner, however, as not to restrain my liberty, nor to prevent my assisting you, or preaching to the French Refugees; and that, only till Providence should clearly point out the path in which I should go. Charity, politeness, and reason, accompanied her offer; and I confess, in spite of the resolution, which I had almost absolutely formed, to fly the houses of the great, without even the exception of the Countess's, I found myself so greatly changed, that I should have accepted, on the spot, a proposal, which I should have declined from any other mouth; but my engagement with you withheld me; and thanking the Countess, I told her, when I had reflected on her obliging offer, I would do myself the honour of waiting upon her again.

Nevertheless, two difficulties stand in my way. Will it be consistent with that poverty of spirit, which I seek? Can I accept an office, for which I have such small talents; and, shall I not dishonour the cause of God, by standing out the

the mysteries of the gospel, in a place, where the most approved ministers of the Lord have preached with so much power, and so much success? I suspect that my own vanity gives more weight to this second objection, than it deserves to have: What think you?

I give myself up to your judicious counsels; you take unnecessary pains to assure me, that they are disinterested; for I cannot doubt it. I feel myself unworthy of them; much more still of the appellation of friend, with which you honour me. You are an indulgent father to me, and the name of son suits me better than that of brother.

You ask, "Whether I can, with confidence, give you up to the mercy of God?" Yes, I can; and I feel that for you, which I do not for myself; I am so assured of your salvation, that I ask no other place in heaven, than that I may have at your feet. I doubt even if paradise would be a paradise to me, unless it were shared with you; and the single idea which your question excited, that we might one day be separated, pierced my heart, and bathed my eyes with tears. They were sweet tears, which seemed to water and confirm my hope, or rather the certainty I have, that He, who hath begun a good work in us, will also finish it; and unite me to you in Christ, by the bonds of an everlasting love; and not only to you, but to your children and your wife, whom I salute in Christ. Adieu. I am, &c. J. F.

To the Hon. MRS. ———.

My dear Friend,

**T**O a believer, Jesus is alone the desirable, the everlasting distinction and honour of men. All other advantages, though now so proudly extolled, and so vehemently coveted, are, like the down on the thistle, blown away in a moment, and never secure to the possessor. Riches are incapable of satisfying, friends are changeable and precarious, the dear relations, who are the delight of our heart, are taken away at a stroke;—pain and sickness follow ease and health in quick succession; but, amidst all the possible changes of life, Christ is a Rock. To see him by faith, to lay hold, to rely upon him, to live upon him, this is the Refuge from the storm, the Shadow from the heat.—May it be given to you abundantly! And in order to obtain it, nothing more or less is required of you, than a full and frequent confession of your own abominable nature and heart, kneeling as a true beggar at the door of mercy, declaring you came there expecting notice and relief, only because God our Saviour came to redeem incarnate Devils, and, for the glory of his grace, to convert them  
into

into saints and servants of the living God, into children of God and heirs of glory.

I think you take a sure method to perplex yourself, if you want to see your own faith, or look for one moment at yourself for proof of your faith; others must see it in your Works, but you must feel it in your heart. The glory of Jesus is now, by faith, realized to the mind, in some such manner as an infinitely grand and beautiful object, which appears in the firmament of heaven: it arrests and fixes the attention of the spectators on itself; it captivates them, and, by the pleasure it imparts, they are led on to view it: so when Jesus is our peace, strength, righteousness, food, salvation, and our all, we are penetrated with a consciousness of it.—We should never rest short of this feeling, nor ever think we have it strong enough. This is to keep the faith; and our chief conflict and most constant labour must be against our own heart, the things of the world, and the suggestions of our great enemy, who are all intent to divert us from this One Object, which Mary placed herself before; or to make us doubt whether in the life and death of Immanuel there was such unsearchable riches and efficacy, such a complete salvation for all his people, or whether we are in that number. For my own part, I am often tempted to suspect, whether I am not speaking great swelling words of Christ, and yet am no more than sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal; and I find the only successful way of answering this doubt is immediately to address to Jesus a prayer to this effect—"Whoever cometh to thee, thou wilt in no wise cast out; Lord, have not I come to thee? Am not I, as a brand plucked out of the fire, depending upon thee for life? See if there be any way of wickedness in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

My eye looks to the blessed Jesus, my heart longs to be more in his service, my love—O that it were greater toward him! I mourn deeply for my corruptions, which are many and great. When I look at Him, and contemplate his great salvation, I adore, and, in some measure, I love, but when I look at myself, my heart rises at the sight: Black and devilish, selfish and proud, carnal and covetous, and most abominably unclean, I want all things which are good. But I have a blessed, blessed Lord, Christ Jesus, in whom all fulness dwells for me, and for the dear friend to whom I am writing; a fulness of pardon, wisdom, holiness, strength, peace, righteousness and salvation—a fulness of love, mercy, goodness, truth. All this, and a thousand times more than all this, without any worthiness or merit, only for receiving. O blessed free grace of God! O blessed be his name for Jesus Christ! What a gift! and for whom? For you, my dear friend, if you are without strength, if you are in your nature an enemy, all this is for you. What says the everlasting God? Believe, that he gave his Son for sinners!

niers; and, as a sinner, believe in Jesus. He came to save the lost; then, as a lost soul, believe in him. He came to cleanse the filthy; then, as a filthy soul, believe in him. And why should we not thus believe? Can God lie? Impossible! Can we have a better foundation to build on, than the promise and oath of God?

My dear friend, I know you will not be angry at my preaching; I aim it all at my own heart, I stand more in need of it than you, and I always feel my heart refreshed when I am talking or thinking of Jesus. It is a feast to my sinful soul, when I am meditating on the glories which compose his blessed name. But O how dark and ignorant, how little, how exceeding little, do I know of him! O, thou light of the world, enlighten my soul! Teach me to know more of thy infinite and unsearchable riches, thou great God-man, that I may love thee with an increasing love, and serve thee with an increasing zeal, till thou bringest me to glory!

J. F.

#### ON SELF-EXAMINATION.

THE Duty of Self Examination is frequently commanded in the Holy Scriptures, and the reasons for repeatedly urging us to engage diligently in this important work, are very evident to every thinking mind: We are in continual danger of being imposed upon by the flattering vanities of the world, the crafty suggestions of Satan, and the treachery of our own sensual appetites, desires, and tempers. We are liable to be deceived by our own vain hopes of heavenly happiness, and because we have providentially acquired new and enlarged views of the excellency of Christ, and of the efficacy of his atoning Blood, we are in jeopardy of resting in notions and religious principles, substituting them for the Life and Power of GODLINESS. Let us, therefore, examine ourselves in the fear of God;—and, by the light of his Word and Spirit, search diligently and deep into our own hearts; bringing our thoughts, words and actions to the infallible touchstone; let us prove our repentance, whether it be thorough, or only superficial;—examine our faith, whether it be notional, or saving, and working by love;—our obedience, whether it be universal, or partial.

1. It is a matter greatly to be lamented, that in these gospel-days, there are too many professors who never set about the duty; or, at least, who grow weary of it, before they have attained to that proficiency therein, which is absolutely necessary for the souls' welfare. They will pray, and read, and hear sermons, and attend upon religious duties; never-

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theless,



serve us" in our duty, first, an habitual theory of what we ought, and ought not to do; and of all the motives and engagements to the one, and to the other. Secondly, an actual and clear presence of all this to the mind, in every instant of action. This is, for the most part, the thinking man's condition. He not only habitually *knows*, but actually *attends* both to his duty, and to all the engagements for its performance.

It may be necessary to add, that an unthinking person can never make any progress either in Repentance, Faith, or Holiness. The prophet Malachi says, "They that feared the Lord, spake often one to another:—and a book of remembrance was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that *thought* upon his Name." The Apostle exhorts us to *think* on those things which are true, honest, just, pure, lovely, and of good report, Phil. iv. 8. The reluctance of our Lord's disciples to credit his resurrection did not originate from inability, or needful information, but for want of thinking; which obliged him to give them that necessary reproof, "O fools, and slow of heart to believe all that the prophets have spoken!" The word is not *ἀνοησία*, which is a term of great indignation, and sometimes of contempt, but *ἀναιδέα*, which is a term of expostulation and reproof, and may be rendered "*O thoughtless creatures!*" Luke xxiv. 25.

But in order that we may think usefully and spiritually, it is highly expedient that we keep a strict watch over our thoughts, lest we admit the suggestions of the evil one, and adopt them for our own, which would spread darkness and confusion through every faculty of the mind. The Psalmist declares, "I hate vain thoughts, but thy Law do I love." And that admonition is ever necessary, "Guard well thy Thought;—our Thoughts are heard in Heaven!" The consciousness of our natural inability to think a good thought, as of ourselves, should urge us continually to apply for the illuminations of the Spirit of Truth, that we may be guided into all Truth, and preserved from the dangerous paths of error and delusion.

#### FEVERS successfully treated by washing with cold Water and Vinegar.

DOCTOR Brandreth of Liverpool, in a letter to Dr. Duncan, Editor of the Medical Commentaries, communicates to him the following observations:

"The advantages arising to patients, under various states of the Typhus Fever,\* from washing with cold Water and

\* The Typhus Fever includes those which are commonly denominated bilious, putrid, malignant, and nervous Fevers, Vinegar,

Vinegar, have been in many cases of my practice, for several years past, very conspicuous; and, in no instance of my observation, has this mode of treatment been productive of any unpleasant effect. I generally order it to be done, night and morning, with a large sponge. The patients are well dried and put to bed. They usually express great pleasure from its effects, and a sense of great refreshment. It invariably lessens, not only the heat, but, in a singular manner, the hardness of the skin. It diminishes the frequency of the pulse, and often lessens, nay sometimes removes, for a time, the delirium. I have known patients, who refused not only medicine, but every kind of food, readily prevailed on, after the washing, to take whatever their friends offered. It is not improbable, that, ere long, I may lay a state of this practice before the public."

[Med. Com. vol. xvi. pa. 38a.]

#### Mr. FLETCHER'S LETTERS.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

Tern, Sept. 26, 1760.

YOU answer me not, my dear Sir: have you not received my last, with a letter enclosed from my Lady Huntingdon? But it is with an ill grace I complain, when I ought rather to thank you for the consolatory letter, which you wrote me in answer to my first from Tern. It might have comforted me, if I would, or could be comforted without Jesus; but I only ask strength to groan on, till I can say, *Totus mihi per-placet Christus*.\* Without the experience of this motto, yours will never raise me above a Devil, who can say as well as me, *Totus displiceo mihi*†.

I send you here the copy of a part of a letter, which I have just written to Lady Huntingdon. "The light I expected from our friend at Bristol is come, though from a different quarter. A fortnight ago, the Minister of this parish, with whom I have had no connection for these two years, sent me word, (I know not why) that his pulpit should be at my service at any time, and seems now very friendly. Some days after, I ventured, without design, a visit of civility to the Vicar of a neighbouring parish, who fell out with me, three years ago, for preaching faith in his church: he received me with the greatest kindness, and said often, he would have me take care of souls some where or other. Last Sunday, the Vicar of Madeley, to whom I was formerly curate, com-

\* Christ is altogether lovely. † I am altogether hateful to myself,

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ing to pay a visit here, expressed great regard for me, seemed to be quite reconciled, and assured me, that he would do all that was in his power to serve me; of which he yesterday gave me a proof, by sending me a testimonial unasked. He was no sooner gone, than news was brought that the old Clergyman, I mentioned to your Ladyship, died suddenly the day before; and that same day before I heard it, Mr. Hill, meeting at the races his nephew who is patron of Madeley, told him, that, if he would present me to Madeley, he would give the Vicar of that parish the living vacated by the old Clergyman's death. This was immediately agreed to, as Mr. Hill himself informed me in the evening, wishing me joy. This new promise, the manner in which Mr. Hill forced me from London to be here at this time, and the kindness of the three Ministers I mentioned, whose hearts seemed to be turned at this juncture, to sign my testimonials for institution, are so many orders to be still, and wait till the door is quite open or shut. I beg, therefore, your Ladyship would present my respects and thanks to Lady Margaret and Mr. Ingham, and acquaint them with the necessity, which these circumstances lay me under to follow the leadings of Providence."

This answer is agreeable to the advice you have so repeatedly given me, not to resist Providence, but to follow its leadings. I am however, inwardly in suspense; my heart revolts at the idea of being here alone, opposed by my superiors, hated by my neighbours, and despised by all the world. Without piety, without talents, without resolution, how shall I repel the assaults, and surmount the obstacles which I foresee, if I discharge my duty at Madeley with fidelity? On the other hand, to reject this presentation, to burn this certificate, and to leave in the desert the sheep, whom the Lord has evidently brought me into the world to feed, appears to me nothing but obstinacy and refined self-love. I will hold a middle course between these extremes: I will be wholly *passive* in the steps I must take, and *active* in praying the Lord to deliver me from the evil one, and to conduct me in the way he would have me to go.

If you see any thing better, inform me of it speedily, and, at the same time, remember me in all your prayers, that if this matter be not of the Lord, the enmity of the Bishop of Litchfield, who must counter-sign my testimonials; the threats of the Chaplain of the Bishop of Hereford, who was a witness to my preaching at West Street; the objections drawn from my not being naturalized, or some other obstacle, may prevent the kind intentions of Mr. Hill. Adieu. I am, &c.

J. F.  
To

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir,

Madeley, March 10, 1761.

I Feel more and more, that I neither *abide* in Christ, nor Christ in me; nevertheless, I do not so feel it, as to feel him without remission. O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from this heart of unbelief? Blessed be God, who has promised me this deliverance, through our Lord Jesus Christ!

My new convert has with great difficulty, escaped the wiles of the Devil; who, by fifty visions, had set her on the pinnacle of the temple. Thanks be to God, she has come down, without being cast headlong. I have had more trouble with her visions, than with her unbelief. Two other persons profess, that they have received the consolations of divine love: I wait for their fruits.

A few days ago, I was violently tempted to quit Madeley: the spirit of Jonah had so seized upon my heart, that I had the insolence to murmur against the Lord; but the storm is now happily calmed, at least for a season. Alas! what stubbornness is there in the will of man; and with what strength does it combat the will of God under the mask of piety, when it can no longer do so with the uncovered, shameless face of vice! If a man bridles not his tongue, all his outward religion is vain. May we not add to this observation of St. James, that if a man bridles not his will, which is the language of his desires, his inward religion is vain also? The Lord does not, however, leave me altogether; and I have often a secret hope, that he will one day touch my heart and my lips with a live coal from the altar; and that then his word shall consume the stubble, and break to pieces the stone.

The question, which you mean to repeat at the end of the Winter, is, I hope, Whether you shall be welcome at Madeley? My answer is, you shall be welcome even before Winter; for I have already lost almost all my reputation, and the little that remains does not deserve a competition with the pleasure I shall have in seeing you. Farewell. Yours,

J. F.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir,

Madeley, April 27, 1761.

I Have just received your letter, which at once fills me with pleasure, and covers me with shame. You kindly cast a veil over my faults, instead of exposing them as they deserve. This generous conduct will, if I am not incorrigible, help to cure me of, what you style, my imprudent simplicity; but what I call by its proper title, of stupid ingratitude: But what



But what do I say?—nothing can cure me, but a lively faith in that Jesus, who is made to us, of the Father, wisdom: O that he were my wisdom!

When I first came to Madeley, I was greatly mortified and discouraged by the smallness of my congregations; and I thought that if some of our friends at London had seen my little company, they would have triumphed in their own wisdom; but now, thank God, things are altered in that respect, and last Sunday, I had the pleasure of seeing some in the church yard, who could not get into the church. I began a few Sundays ago to preach in the afternoon after catechizing the children; but I do not preach my own sermons. Twice I read a sermon of Archbishop Usher's, and last Sunday one of the homilies, taking the liberty to make some observations on such passages, as confirmed what I advanced in the morning; and by this means I stopped the mouths of many adversaries.

I have frequently had a desire to exhort in Madeley Wood and Coalbrook Dale, two villages of my parish; but I have not dared to run before I saw an open door. It now, I think, begins to open; two small societies of about twenty persons have formed of themselves in those places, although the Devil seems determined to overturn all. A young person, the daughter of one of my rich parishioners, has been thrown into despair; so that every body thought her insane, and indeed, I thought so too. Judge how our adversaries rejoiced; and for my part, I was tempted to forsake my ministry, and take to my heels: I never suffered such affliction. Last Saturday I humbled myself before the Lord, on her account, by fasting and prayer; and, I hope, that the Lord has heard my prayer. She found herself well enough to come to church yesterday. You will do well to engage your colliers at Kingwood to pray for their poor brethren at Madeley. May those of Madeley, one day, equal them in faith, as they now do in that wickedness, for which they were famous before you went among them.

Mr. Hill has written me a very obliging letter, to engage me to accompany the eldest of my pupils to Switzerland; and if I had any other country than the place where I am, I should, perhaps, have been tempted to go. At present, however, I have no temptation that way, and I have declined the offer, as politely as I could. I am, &c.

J. F.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir,  
Madeley, Aug. 19th, 1761.

I Have at length received your letter, for which I thank you with all my heart. I fear you give yourself up to melancholy, on account of your ill state of health; or, at least, that you do not rejoice with a joy full of glory, at the remembrance

brance of that glory which Christ has purchased for you. I yet hope that we shall both see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, and that his providence will bring our bodies nearer to each other, at the same time that his grace unites our spirits in Christ Jesus.

I don't know whether I mentioned to you a sermon preached at the Archdeacon's visitation. It was almost all levelled at the points which are called the doctrines of Methodism, and as the preacher is Minister of a parish near mine, it is probable he had me in his eye. After the sermon, another Clergyman addressed me with an air of triumph, and demanded what answer I could make. As several of my parishioners were present, besides the churchwardens, I thought it my duty to take the matter up; and I have done so, by writing a long letter to the preacher, in which I have touched the principal mistakes of his discourse, with as much politeness and freedom as I was able; but I have as yet had no answer. I could have wished for your advice before I sealed my letter; but as I could not have it, I have been very cautious, intrenching myself behind the ramparts of scripture, as well as those of our homilies and articles.

I know not what to say to you of the state of my soul: I daily struggle in the slough of despond, and I endeavour every day to climb the hill difficulty. I need wisdom, mildness and courage; and no man has less of them than I. O Jesus, my Saviour, draw me strongly to Him, who giveth wisdom to all who ask it, and upbraideth them not! As to the state of my parish, the prospect is yet discouraging. New scandals succeed those that wear away; but offences must come: happy shall I be, if the offence cometh not by me! My churchwardens speak of hindering strangers from coming to the church, and of repelling them from the Lord's table; but, on these points, I am determined to make head against them. A club of eighty workmen in a neighbouring parish, being offended at their minister, determined to come in procession to my church, and requested me to preach a sermon for them; but I thought proper to decline it, and have thereby a little regained the good graces of the minister, at least, for a time. Farewell.

J. F.

Observations on the PRUNING of Orchards;—from the Transactions of the Society for the encouragement of Arts, &c.

AN Experiment is related by T. S. D. Bucknall, Esq; which he made in the Spring and Autumn of 1790, on six acres of land fully planted with apples and cherries, on an

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the life, but, on the contrary, to keep the beast alive till he be totally eat up. Having satisfied the Mosaic law, according to his conception, by pouring these six or seven drops upon the ground, two or more of them fall to work; on the back of the beast, and on each side of the spine they cut skin-deep; then putting their fingers between the flesh and the skin, they begin to flip the hide off the animal half way down his ribs, and so on to the buttock, cutting the skin wherever it hinders them commodiously to flip the poor animal bare. All the flesh on the buttocks is cut off then, and in solid, square pieces, without bones, or much effusion of blood; and the prodigious noise the animal makes is a signal for the company to sit down to table.

There are then laid before every guest, instead of plates, round cakes, about twice as big as a pan-cake, and something thicker and tougher. It is unleavened bread of a fourth taste, made of a grain called telf. It is of different colours, from black to the colour of the whitest wheat bread. Three or four of these cakes are generally put uppermost, for the food of the person opposite to whose seat they are placed. Beneath these are four or five of ordinary bread, and of a blackish kind. These serve the mallee to wipe his fingers upon; and afterwards the servant, for bread to his dinner.

Two or three servants then come, each with a square piece of beef in their bare hands, laying it upon the cakes of telf, placed like dishes down the table, without cloth or any thing else beneath them. By this time all the guests have knives in their hands, and their men have the large crooked ones, which they put to all sorts of uses during the time of war. The women have small clasped knives, such as the worst of the kind made at Sheffield.

The company are so ranged that one man sits between two women: the man with his long knife cuts a thin piece, which would be thought a good beef-steak in England, while you see the motion of the fibres yet perfectly distinct, and alive in the flesh. No man in Abyssinia, of any fashion whatever, feeds himself, or touches his own meat. The women take the steak and cut it length-ways like strings, about the thickness of your little finger, then crossways into square pieces, something smaller than dice. This they lay upon a piece of the telf bread, strongly powdered with black pepper, or Cayenne pepper, and tallow-salt, they then wrap it up in the telf bread like a cartridge.

In the mean time, the man having put up his knife, with each hand resting upon his neighbour's knee, his body sloping, his head low and forward, and mouth open very much like an idiot, turns to the one whose cartridge is first ready, who stuffs the whole of it into his mouth, which is so full that

that he is in constant danger of being choked. This is a mark of grandeur. The greater the man would seem to be, the larger piece he takes in his mouth; and the more noise he makes in chewing it, the more polite he is thought to be. They have, indeed, a proverb that says, "Beggars and thieves 'only eat small pieces, or without making a noise.'" Having dispatched this morsel, which he does very expeditiously, his next neighbour holds forth another cartridge, which goes the same way, and so on till he is satisfied. He never drinks till he has finished eating; and, before he begins, in gratitude to the fair ones that fed him, he makes up two small rolls of the same kind and torn; each of his neighbours open their mouths at the same time, while with each hand he puts their portion into their mouths. He then falls to drinking out of a large horn; the ladies eat till they are satisfied, and then all drink together.

All this time, the unfortunate victim at the door is bleeding indeed, but bleeding little. As long as they can cut off the flesh from his bones, they do not meddle with the thighs, or the parts where the great arteries are. At last they fall upon the thighs likewise; and soon after the animal, bleeding to death, becomes so tough that the cannibals, who have the rest of it to eat, find very hard work to separate the flesh from the bones with their teeth like dogs."

#### Account of the late Revival of Religion at Hull, in Yorkshire.

[Concluded from page 607.]

SINCE the 12th of May, the Lord has favoured us with refreshing seasons, but we have not had so many instances of persons being under deep convictions, and consequently not so many clear conversions. It is difficult, tho' perhaps, not impossible, to assign the reasons of this decline. Those who have seen extraordinary revivals of Religion, know that it is impossible on these occasions to prevent irregularities; and that even an attempt to remove some inconveniences, at such a season, is too frequently succeeded by an interruption of that fervency of spirit, and lively exercise of faith and hope, which are so necessary for facilitating the increase and progress of the work. Some religious persons of other denominations, exclaimed, "That this work was too sudden in itself, and irregular in its manner, to be of God." These reflections being spread through the different circles of their acquaintance, had probably a tendency to lessen the ardour of those who

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were



were zealous for the cause of God, and discouraged others who were seeking salvation. But the clamour that was raised on account of the meetings being sometimes continued to a late hour, seemed of greater importance; especially as it was insinuated, that it was not only disagreeable to many families, but offensive to the magistrates. These considerations induced us to attempt some regulations, in the most gentle way, so as scarce to be perceived. And we supposed ourselves justified in our proceedings, as we acted from the motive of preserving civil and religious Peace. Yet we are now doubtful, that our well-meant endeavours to remove every stumbling block out of the way, has given a check to the work; and that we have been more anxious to please men, and avoid a part of the cross, than to bear reproach for the sake of Christ.

Many instances might be given of remarkable conversions, but at present I shall only select two or three.

A servant of Mr. G—'s, came one evening to the prayer-meeting; she had no idea of what she was coming for, only having heard that people went to those meetings and were blessed. She was so exceedingly ignorant, as scarce to know that she had a soul that must live for ever. She had not been in the meeting a few hours before she was thoroughly awakened and truly converted; and returned home rejoicing and praising God. Her mistress has observed her conduct very narrowly ever since, and testifies, that her whole deportment gives the fullest evidence of the reality of the change.

A servant of Mr. C—'s, of Cottingham, came to the market; and being informed of the prayer-meetings, and the benefit that many people found at them, was so affected that she resolved to stay all night in order to be present at one of them; saying to herself, "I can but lose my place, and what is that to the salvation of my soul?" Soon after the meeting began, she was convinced of her fallen state, and sensible of the burden of sin; and before midnight received a sense of pardoning mercy. Next morning she returned home rejoicing in the Lord, to the astonishment of her mistress, who is a pious person, and expresses great satisfaction in the evident change that her servant manifests in all her conduct and tempers.

A poor Magdalen strolled one night into the chapel, and came forward into the vestry where many were wrestling in prayer with the distressed, who were crying for mercy, which struck her with amazement; which another woman observing, spoke to her, and asked, "Do not you want the converting power of Grace? Do not you desire to be happy?" To which she answered, "I am not happy now;—nor do I know how to be so." The woman then took her aside, and explained to her the way of salvation through faith in Christ; and then left

left her to speak to some others. Returning soon after, she found the poor prostitute on her knees, weeping, and entreating some to pray with her; in a short time the Lord answered the supplications of his servants, and visited the trembling, guilty sinner in mercy, removing from her the burden and power of sin, quickening and renewing her soul in righteousness; and she went away rejoicing in the Lord. She had made an appointment on board of a vessel, but wrote a line, informing them, "That she could not come; that God had opened her eyes, and mercifully forgiven her past offences; and she would die for want, rather than follow that wicked course any more."

The work of God has likewise revived in sundry places in the country part of the Circuit. At Beverley, where there has been great deadness for a long season, twenty persons have lately found Peace with God. Some of them were not only strangers, but enemies to Godliness.

At Thearn, a small village, on Tuesday evening, April 8, after Mr. Brown had done preaching, nine persons were converted in the prayer-meeting; among them were two brothers, one was twelve years old, and the other only eight; next day they each of them wrote a letter to their relations, describing the work which the Lord had wrought upon their souls, and the consolations they experienced, interspersed with pertinent remarks and observations, that would not have discredited persons who have been long acquainted with the things of God: So true it is, that when he teaches, there is no delay in learning. On the Friday evening after, three persons belonging to one family, were much affected in the public meeting. Upon returning home, their distress increased to such a degree as to alarm the family, who sent and called up some of our friends to pray with them. Their prayers were answered, and the God of mercy revealed himself to the penitent mourners.

At River-bridge, our prospect has been but very discouraging for a long season; neither the young, nor the old, regarding the things which make for their peace. Some of the aged, would hear us attentively on the Sunday forenoon, and seemed affected while under the Word, nevertheless they continued to walk as they did before: But the younger would neither be governed nor instructed. In order to promote their reformation, a Sunday School was set up in the place, and two of our brethren undertook to teach the children gratis. At first, a considerable number of children attended regularly, but they soon became quite careless, and followed the example of the elder boys, who were wholly addicted to Sabbath-breaking. The young people of the village had formed a plan for a foot-ball match on Easter Monday, and some

some of them spent Good Friday, in preparing the instrument for their diversion. On Easter Sunday, the leader of our Society went in the afternoon to Hotham church (about four miles distant) and some of the young people accompanied him, which he thought strange, as they were wont to shun all converse with him. He improved the opportunity, and spoke very close to them on the danger of living in sin, and the necessity of repentance. They heard the sermon in the church with more than common attention; and as soon as the service was over, they joined him again, and he resumed his former conversation all the way home, with which they appeared well satisfied. At parting, the leader said to them, "Lads, we shall have a prayer-meeting at eight o'clock; if any of you please to come, you shall be very welcome; and bring as many with you as you think proper." They came accordingly, and brought some of their companions with them. The meeting was very solemn, and the young folks were much afflicted, and although it continued a considerable time, they were unwilling to go away.

The leader was present at that remarkable Love-feast at Hull, (already mentioned in this narrative) and not only noticed the progress of the work, but likewise was engaged in prayer, and speaking to those who were under the power of conviction; numbers of whom he had seen happily released from the guilt and dominion of sin; and this evening he perceived a probability of a similar work at River-bridge, but was afraid they should not be able to continue the meeting, as there were only three or four persons present, who had any tolerable gift of Prayer: He therefore requested one of the brethren to go out, and endeavour to get help, as the distress of the lads and young men increased so much, as not to be concealed any longer; for their cries were heard in the street, and many persons began to assemble about the door. In the mean time, the leader requested one of our society, who had been converted in her youth, and whose experience was clear and scriptural, to give the people a particular relation of God's dealings with her soul. This she was enabled to do, notwithstanding she was at that time under affliction, in so lively and striking a manner, that every sentence took place in the minds of the people, and increased their desires, and encouraged them to hope for the mercy of God. Not only the house was filled with people, but the stairs and workshop, and many stood without. Some came out of curiosity, to hear or see something new; but the greater part were concerned for their souls.

In the village were some persons who were not only enlightened, but they really had tasted that the Lord is gracious, and walked comfortably for some years, in the profession and practice

practice of religion, till the thorns of deceitful riches, and the desire of other things, had well nigh choked the good seed. Our brother who went to call in assistance, ran to their houses without ceremony, and delivered his message faithfully. Particularly, one respectable family that he visited, he addressed the master of it to this purpose, "Mr. C.—, yonder are three of your children in great distress for their souls! For Christ's sake, come and help us to pray for them, that he may be merciful to them, and forgive all their sins!" Mr. C.— followed him; with some difficulty he got into the room, and fell down upon his knees. For an hour, he continued in an agony of prayer for his own soul, till the Lord restored unto him the Light of his Countenance, and once more filled him with peace and joy in believing. He then was exceedingly helpful, not only to his own children, but to every one that was in distress. That night, upwards of twenty were enabled to praise God for the manifestation of his pardoning love.

In consequence of this blessed revival at the Bridge, the young people engaged themselves on Easter Monday, in a quite different employment from that which they originally intended, and had made provision for: The instrument which they had idolized, and expected to be the source of abundance of happiness to them, now became the object of their hatred and condemnation. When the question was agitated among them, "What shall be done with the foot-ball?" One said, "Let us sell it." But another replied, "No; that cannot be right; for if it is a snare to us, it must be the same to others; therefore, let us not sell it, but destroy it." To this determination they all fully agreed; and after it was cut in pieces, they threw it away with utter detestation.

From River-bridge the work spread to Gilberdyke: Mr. Brown preached there on Wednesday, and afterwards kept a prayer-meeting, where many found peace; and likewise at all the prayer-meetings, which were every night that week at the Bridge. In about a fortnight, upwards of one hundred persons were set at liberty. At the end of three weeks, I visited the new converts at the Bridge and Gilberdyke, and spoke to most of them; I found them truly alive to God, and athirst for all the blessings of the Gospel. I remarked, that many of them were under fourteen years of age, that their parents were, in general, altogether careless; I could not help observing the divine goodness, in supplying the lack of ungodly parents, and reproving them, by so wonderfully converting their children. While I was preaching at the Bridge on Monday evening, I was obliged to stop three times, to praise God for delivering souls from the burden of their sins. After preaching, the prayer-meeting continued till a late

late hour, and the Lord manifested his pardoning mercy to seven persons more before the meeting concluded.

On Sunday morning, May 5, Ann Leach, was suddenly taken ill during the time of preaching; she continued sensible and happy till next morning, when she died. For many years she had been a member of our society at Thorner, and adorned her profession by an holy life, and unspotted conversation, and lately came to reside at the Bridge among her friends. Mr. J. U. one of her relations at Thorner, came over to her funeral, on Thursday, and tarried till Sunday, when I preached a sermon on the occasion. It pleased the Lord to awaken his soul that day, and next morning, on his return home, his distresses were so great that he was obliged to alight from his horse, and apply to the Throne of Grace, regardless of every object that passed by on the road. He continued in an agony of prayer till the Lord revealed forgiving mercy unto him, and enabled him to pursue his journey with joy and gladness.

It is not to be wondered at, that the extraordinary work at River-bridge, should be the subject of much conversation, far and near, and that different constructions were put upon it;—some saying, "It is only among the children and young people, and will soon come to nothing;" others replying; "It could be no work of God, because it was so sudden, and attended with much noise and disorder." However, they generally acknowledged, that for the present, there was a very great alteration for the better among the people; no cursing or swearing, or horrible language, being now heard in the streets, no sabbath-breaking, or assemblies of young people in the fields for the purpose of vain and wicked diversions on the Lord's-day; and therefore, it is matter of thankfulness that so much good is already done.

Since that time, the work continues to prosper, and has spread to many other villages, where ten, fifteen, and twenty persons, have been converted at a meeting, and sometimes more; so wonderfully does the Lord visit his people with the convincing and saving influences, whereby they are turned from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God.

ALEXANDER MATHER.

#### Mr. FLETCHER'S LETTERS.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir, Madeley, Oct. 12, 1761.

YOU have always the goodness to encourage me, and your encouragements are not unreasonable; for discouragements follow one after another with very little intermission.

Those

Those which are of an inward nature are sufficiently known to you; but some others are peculiar to myself, especially, those I have had for eight days past, during Madeley wake. Seeing that I could not suppress these Bacchanalians, I did all in my power to moderate their madness; but my endeavours have had little or no effect: the impotent dyke I opposed only made the torrent swell and foam, without stopping its course. You cannot well imagine how much the animosity of my parishioners is heightened, and with what boldness it discovers itself against me, because I preached against drunkenness, shews, and bull-baiting. The *publicans* and *malmen* will not forgive me: they think, that to preach against drunkenness, and to cut their purse, is the same thing.

My church begins not to be so well filled as it has been, and I account for it by the following reasons. The curiosity of some of my hearers is satisfied, and others are offended by the word; the roads are worse, and if it shall ever please the Lord to pour his Spirit upon us, the time is not yet come; for instead of saying, *Let us go up together to the house of the Lord*, they exclaim, *Why should we go and hear a Methodist?* I should lose all patience with my flock, if I had not more reason to be satisfied with them, than with myself. My own barrenness furnishes me with excuses for theirs; and I wait the time, when God shall give seed to the sower, and increase to the seed sown. In waiting that time, I learn the meaning of this prayer, *Thy will be done!* Believe me your sincere, tho' unworthy friend,

J. F.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir, Madeley, May 16th, 1762.

I Have received your letter giving me the melancholy information of your daughter Sukey's death. What shall I say to you on the subject? You know too well the dangers of that world, from which the Lord has recalled her, to repine at the premature felicity into which she has entered. We are yet in the vale of tears and miseries, but God has wiped away all tears from her eyes; let us then dry our eyes as well as we can, and hasten to follow her. I hope that fatigue and grief will not wholly cast down Mrs. Wesley. Salute her from me, and tell her, I would with all my soul bear a part of her burden. Why do I say a *part*? The Lord Jesus is ready to take upon him the *whole*. Let us go to him, bowed down under the weight of our temporal and spiritual afflictions, and we shall find that rest, which he has purchased for us at so great a price. Let us not forget to mingle our thanksgivings with our sighs. *The one shall be taken*, saith the Lord, *and the other shall be left*. Blessed be his holy name, his mercy still triumphs over his justice!

Since

Since my last, our troubles have increased. A young man having put in force the act for suppressing swearing against a parish officer, he stirred up all the other half gentlemen, to remove him from the parish. Here I interposed, and to do so with effect, I took the young man into my service. By God's grace, I have been enabled to conduct myself, in this matter, so as to give them no handle against me, and, in spite of all their cabals, I have got the better.

What has greatly encouraged them, is the behaviour of a magistrate, who was at the first inclined to favour me, but afterwards turned against me with peculiar malevolence, and proceeded so far as to threaten me, and all my flock of the Rock Church,\* with imprisonment. Hitherto the Lord has stood by me, and my little difficulties are nothing to me; but I fear I support them rather like a philosopher, than a Christian. We were to have been mobbed with a drum last Tuesday at the Rock Church; but their captain, a papist, behaved himself so very ill, that they were ashamed of him, and are made peaceable for the present. Ask of God to give me wisdom, resolution, and love. The Lord give you a prosperous journey. Adieu. I am, &c. J. F.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

Madeley, July, 1762.

**Y**OUR letter, my dear Sir, arrived some days too late, to prevent my taking a false step respecting the papist in question. Three weeks ago, I went to Ludlow to the Bishop's visitation, and I thought the occasion favourable for my purpose; but the churchwardens, when we were upon the spot, refused to support me, and the court has paid no regard to my presentation. Thus I have gained some experience, tho' at my own cost. The sermon did not touch the string with which I was whipped the last visitation, and I afterwards had the boldness to go and dine with the Bishop.

Many of my parishioners are strangely disconcerted at my bringing my gown back from Ludlow. With respect to the magistrate I mentioned, who, because he acted as judge of the circuit two years ago, believes himself as able a lawyer as judge Foster; he, for the present, contents himself with threatenings. I met him the other day, and after he had called me Jesuit, &c; and menaced me with his cane, assured me again, that he would soon put down our assemblies. How ridiculous is this impotent rage!

I have attempted to form a society, and in spite of much opposition and many difficulties, I hope, by God's grace, to

\*The Rock Church were a company of well disposed people, who assembled for hearing the word and prayer, at a small house built upon a rock, in Madeley Wood.

succeed.

succeed. I preach, I exhort, I pray, &c. but as yet I seem to have cast the net on the wrong side of the ship. Lord Jesus, come thyself, and furnish me with a divine commission! For some months past, I have laboured under an insuperable drowsiness: I could sleep day and night; and the hours which I ought to employ with Christ on the mountain, I spend like Peter in the garden.

I congratulate you on your safe arrival in London. May the Lord strengthen you in soul and body; may he fill you with wisdom and patience! Certainly, you need much of both, to pull up the tares without rooting up the wheat. I approve your design of examining the state of things for yourself, before you engage in the business. May the Lord bless the productions of your body and those of your mind: May your little family and your books appear in the world, under the most distinguished protection of the Most High! Adieu. Pray for me. I am, &c. J. F.

To the Rev. Mr. CHARLES WESLEY.

My dear Sir, Madeley, Aug. 1762.

**I** HAVE received your last, and I rejoice that Dr. Turner, by whose skill the Lord once brought me up from the grave, has undertaken your cure. May he have the same success with you, that he had with me; but, be that as it will, our comfort is to know, that God will do all for the best.

I have still trials of all sorts. First spiritual ones. My heart is hard: I have not that contrition, that filial fear, that sweet, humble melting of heart before the Lord, which I consider as essential to spiritual Christianity.

Secondly, the opposition made to my ministry increases. A young Clergyman, who lives in Madeley Wood, where he has great influence, has openly declared war against me, by passing on the church door a paper, in which he charges me with rebellion, schism, and being a disturber of the publick peace. He puts himself at the head of the gentlemen of the parish, (as they term themselves) and supported by the Recorder of Wenlock, he is determined to put in force the Conventicle Act against me. A few weeks ago, the widow who lives in the Rock Church, and a young man who read and prayed in my absence, were taken up. I attended them before the justice, and the young clergyman with his troop were present. They called me Jesuit, &c. and the justice tried to frighten me, by saying, "that he would put the act in force, tho' we should assemble only in my own house." I pleaded my cause as well as I could, but seeing he was determined to hear no reason, I told him, "he must do as he pleased,

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pleased, and that if the Act in question concerned us, we were ready to suffer all its rigours." In his rage, he went the next day to Wenlock, and proposed to grant a warrant to have me apprehended; but, as the other justices were of opinion, that the business did not come under their cognizance, but belonged to the Spiritual Court, he was obliged to swallow his spite alone. The churchwardens talk of putting me in the Spiritual Court, for meeting in houses, &c. But what is worst of all, three false witnesses offer to prove upon oath, that I am a liar; and some of my followers (as they are called) have dishonoured their profession, to the great joy of our adversaries.

In the midst of these difficulties, I have reason to bless the Lord that my heart is not troubled: Forget me not in your prayers.

Yours,

J. F.

To Mr. VAUGHAN.

Dear Sir,

Madeley, Sept. 4th, 1762.

I Am very glad to hear your delight is still in the ways of the Lord, and, I trust, you will never stop till you find them all pleasures to you. Fight the good fight of faith; break through all temptations, dejections, wandering, worldly thoughts; through all unprofitable companions, and the backwardness of an unbelieving heart, and carnal mind: struggle, until you touch Jesus, and feel healing, comforting virtue, proceeding from him: and when you know clearly the way to him, repeat the touch, till you find he lives in you, by the powerful operation of his loving Spirit. Then you will say, with St. Paul, I live the life of Faith, yet not I, but Christ who liveth in me.

I rejoice that you enquire, where Christ maketh his flock to rest at noon. The rest from the guilt, and power of sin, you will find only in inward holiness; and this I apprehend to consist in, what St. Paul calls, *The kingdom of God—righteousness*, which excludes all guilt; *peace*, which banishes all fear that hath torment; and *joy*, which can no more subsist with doubts, anxiety, and unsteadfastness of mind, than light can subsist with darkness. That there is a state, wherein this kingdom is set up, firmly set up in the heart, you may see from our Lord's sermon on the mount, by his priestly prayer in St. John, by the Epistle of that Apostle, and various parts of the Epistles of St. Paul and St. James.

To aim aright at *this liberty* of the children of God, requires a continual acting of faith in the promises; such as, "The Son of God was manifested to destroy the works of the devil."—"The law of the Spirit of life, in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death."—"I can do

do all things, through Christ who strengtheneth me." By faith in the promise, I do not mean a bare *opinion*, that God is faithful, nor *one such a promise*, in the book of God *may* be fulfilled to me; you *shall* have *peace*, *rest*, *joy*, *consolation* of my heart, body, and spirit, upon the truth of the promise, with an *appropriation* to *your* heart, *your* will, *your* soul. Here you must shut the eye of carnal reason, and stop the ear of the mind to the murmuring of the serpent, which, were you to reason with *me*, would be *useless*, and would lead down you out of the simple way of that faith by which we are both justified and sanctified.

You must also consider, that it is your privilege to go to Christ by both a *feeling* way, and *every* succeeding moment; and that you are to *keep* making, but a *single*, *directed*, *total*, *continued* touch, till you have a *rest*, *so* *you* *have* *none*. Here the *good* and *infinite* of many *pass*, *infinite*, but *present* *traces* *they* *are* *not* *of* *holiness*, *lest* *it* *should* *be* *pre-  
sented*, *because* *they* *have* *not* *at* *one* *moment*, *yet*, *love*, *joy*, *and* *consolation*, *that* *it* *is* *to* *look* *for* *him*, *before* *the* *rest* *is* *placed*.—*Therefore*, *there* *is* *nothing* *for* *any* *peace*, *present* *to* *your* *heart*; *and* *by* *this* *is* *upheld* *in* *your* *mind*.

You had made me with a serpent, and harmless as the dove, yet I am become as the serpent's tooth, *deaf*, and the dove's *noise*, *broken*, *and* *broken*. O, my friend, what a *long* *and* *long* *shadow*. As we fly through it, let it be *our* *employment* *in* *the*  *Eternal* *Substance*. Farewell in the Lord.

Yours,

J. F.

## Anecdote of a Merchant at St. Eustatia.

At the request of St. Eustatia, an edict was issued, enjoining every person, under the severe penalty of corporal punishment, and imprisonment, to render in by a certain day an account of his property, and of his debts. It happened that a little before this period, a Frenchman, once very eminent in the commercial world, had been by the calamities often attendant on the revolutionary war, reduced to the deepest distress. He had spent the edict, and, on the day appointed, he presented upon his inventory. They found him sitting in the attitude of meditation—his elbow leaning on a table, while his head supported his cheek, which was furrowed with the keenest grief. The minds of persons entering the room awakened him from his reveries; when, gently turning his head, and collecting the thread, he took up a pen from the table, and



